THE TIMES

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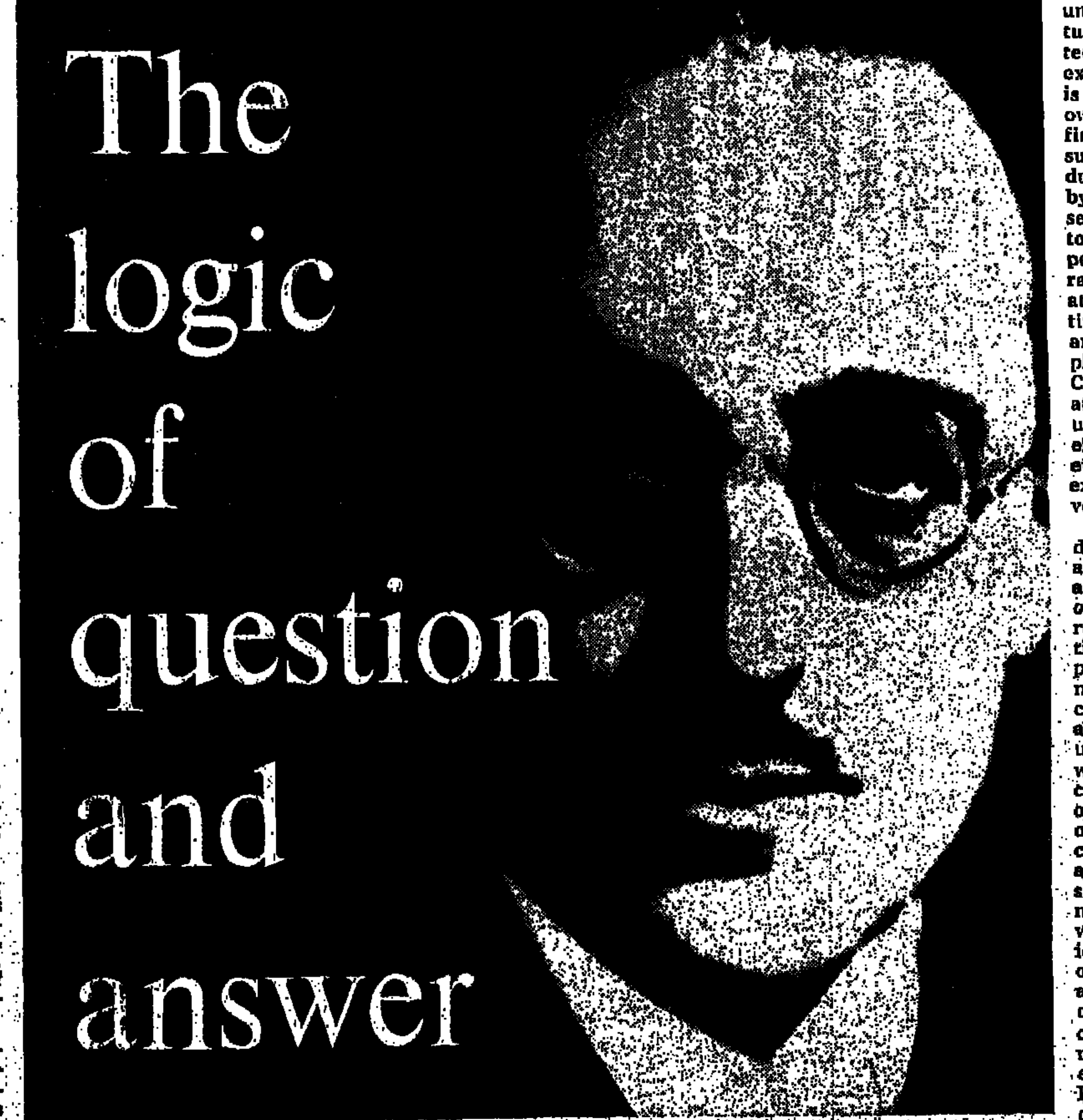
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COLLINGWOOD AND THE FAILURE OF REALISM

The logic of question and answer



G. COLLINGWOOD did not much care for seeing the label "idealist" attached to himself. Commenting on the réception of his *Speculum Mentis*, he observes in *An Autobiography*: "Anyone who had been intelligent enough to see what I was trying to say would have realized, had he not been grossly careless, that it was neither 'usual' nor 'idealistic'."

In this interesting new collection of essays on Collingwood, Alan Donagan castigates this repudiation of idealism as "fantasy" on Collingwood's part. But whether or not Collingwood welcomed or deserved the characterization "idealist", be it "usual" or exceptional, he displayed no reticence whatever in making clear his feelings about realism and realists;

. . . realism . . . the undischarged bankrupt of modern philosophy . . . a tailless fox preached taillessness. . . . I have already said of realism "that its positive doctrine was nugatory . . .

. . . the "realists" . . . destroyed everything in the way of positive doctrine they had ever possessed. . . . More, I am concerned only with the effect on their pupils. It . . . to convince them that philosophy was a silly and trifling game, . . . to give them a lifelong contempt for the subject . . . .

The men who best understood the ideas of the original "realists" and tried hardest to remain loyal to them, . . . stumbled from a temporary and patchwork philosophy to another in a kind of eternal nightmare.

These splendid passages of denunciation are taken from chapter [illegible] of the *Autobiography*. This autobiography has been accused (by Professor Donagan in *The Later Philosophy of Collingwood*), of being a falsification of history:

The obstacle to understanding Collingwood's later philosophy is the narrative of its development, which beyond doubt is untrue. Collingwood's narrative . . . is melancholy evidence of the power of an intellectual temptation he had himself exposed. . . .

Be that as it may, Collingwood's attitude to realism at any rate was long-standing and consistent, and Professor Donagan himself refers to it as [illegible] "Charles's Head". Already [illegible] *Speculum Mentis*, he [illegible] "Realism itself is as old as [illegible] being in fact identical with [illegible] or error in general." His [illegible] it in his *An Essay on* [illegible] no less brutal: [illegible] of knowledge is called [illegible] and "realism" is based [illegible] steadfast foundation a [illegible] can have, namely human [illegible] . . . to observe [illegible] may offer a tolerable [illegible] the lowest type of low-[illegible] in which, "think-[illegible] efficiency [illegible] What [illegible] is my hand" [illegible] is obvious to any-[illegible] the folklore of [illegible] philosophy. The story [illegible] "establishing" the [illegible] external world by [illegible] two hands and [illegible] material ob-[illegible] a place in the [illegible] apprentice philosopher [illegible] which say, Alfred [illegible] holds in the nursery [illegible] low-grade [illegible] accidental and [illegible] is hardly

thinking at all", could be tolerated. Collingwood observed,

> If this were all it professed to be: a study of the way in which anchors get foul, the twists in their cables . . . in calm weather and at neap tides an anchor in that condition may actually hold the ship. . . . [But] a whole library of books about foul anchors will not replace one page of Descartes or Kant, who knew well enough that anchors get foul, but cared enough about making them hang the right way up, so that even in a tideway or a gale the ship would be safe.

This is indeed the crux: the theory of knowledge is about the recovery of confidence in gales and tideways, not about the slipshod methods used, or corrected, in calm weather and neap tides. The realists liked to indulge their theorizing about knowledge with the help of examples drawn from low-grade thinking, "so casual and haphazard . . . that [we are] hardly thinking at all", and they like to treat this

MICHAEL KRAUSZ (Editor) :

Critical Essays on the Philosophy of R. G. Collingwood

357pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £4.50.

condition as the paradigm of our cognitive experience. Karl Popper has often made the same point—trivial knowledge makes bad epistemology. This helps to explain why Collingwood should have felt so strongly about the realists: their theory of knowledge expressed a complacency about our cognitive predicament which is an insulting travesty of the real situation. The trivial cases are taken to be paradigmatic. Collingwood, from his historical knowledge, his practice of the historian's craft, and his human experience, knew full well that this was indeed a dreadful travesty, and hence chose not to restrain the expression of his contempt.

Yet the general reader may still feel surprised that so much passionate feeling should be aroused by the holders of—what ?—a technical opinion in the theory of knowledge ? Is it decorous that there should be so much anger and denunciation in the cloisters ? Why can't they debate these technicalities in a quiet and decorous manner ? And who are these realists, that they should be so vehemently denounced ?

Their central doctrine, Collingwood tells us, is that "knowing makes no difference to what is known". One objection he had against this view was that it expressed a howler:

> Any one who claimed . . . to be sure of this, was in effect claiming to know what he was simultaneously defining as unknown. For if you know that no difference is made to a thing Θ by the presence or absence of a certain condition *c*, you know what Θ is like with *c*, and also what Θ is like without *c*, and on comparing the two find no difference. This involves knowing what Θ is like without *c*; in the present case, knowing what you defined as the unknown.

Philosophical errors of importance are seldom pure howlers. The complacency, the insensitivity to our cognitive precariousness, and to the intellectual transformations which took place in recent centuries, which underlie the whole "realist" attitude, are more important than the technical error (if such it is) which expresses that attitude. The realist is indeed a man who compares his own ideas with his own ideas and finds, to his satisfaction but without surprise, that they tally. What drives him to the contradiction noted by Collingwood is his prior lack of serious doubt, his unwillingness even to suppose himself radically and pervasively mistaken, indeed his outrage at such an offensive suggestion, at any impugning of his own cognitive status. He is blissfully free of anxiety on this score. Much of recent philosophy starts from this most un-Cartesian state of mind, the outrage at the solecism of even being placed under suspicion of fundamental error. What, *we* be mistaken ? Whoever heard of such nonsense ! This excessive self-confidence is not a very healthy starting-point.

On formal grounds, it is possible to defend those who perpetrated the alleged howler. Professor Donagan attempts it in *The Later Philosophy of Collingwood*, claiming that "the reasons . . . [given] for the proposition that 'what is known exists independently of being known' . . . were not empirical. [The realist] did not claim to have compared the state of any object as known with its state as unknown." Indeed not. Collingwood did not suppose that they had claimed anything of the kind. People on the whole do not consciously, openly, knowingly propound self-contradictions, or articulate them in a manner which would highlight their self-contradictoriness. Collingwood merely pointed out that any doctrine which claims that two things are identical, presupposes some measure of information about the two things, and that the realists had defined one of the two things in a way which precludes our possession of such information. Talking about the difference between knowing and seeing, as Professor Donagan does, does not overcome the difficulty. He is more persuasive when he invokes the realists' conviction that "knowledge is essentially discovery, or the finding of what already is".

Quite so. It would hardly be "knowledge" if we just made it up. There must be something extraneous, not under the control of the explorer himself, if he is to be credited with *discovery*. This is an important point; this is the idea which underlies the weightiest consideration on the realist's side, and it remains to be seen whether it can be made compatible with Collingwood's insights.

This issue is central. Professor Donagan makes an illuminating observation in these *Critical Essays* in connexion with Collingwood's early work:

> Just as logical positivism is grasped most clearly as the rejection of metaphysics as the logical positivists understood it, so the idealism of *Speculum Mentis* is best approached through its negation—realism—as Collingwood understood it.

Yes, indeed, and the observation really applies to the whole of Collingwood's work. But what is so

terrible about realism, that it should provoke both his anger and such strenuous efforts at constructing an alternative? Let us leave aside the question of that logical howler. Whether they *did* or *did not* commit it will depend on what they "really" meant when they asserted the formula about that which is known being independent of the fact that it is known, and how we interpret them—whether favourably to them or to Collingwood—will depend, probably, on our appreciation of his other griefs against them.

They were complacent; they concentrated on dead, routinized, unproblematical instances of "knowledge", rather than dramatic, innovative, difficult, doubt-haunted ones; hence their image of knowledge is dreadfully static and in the end passive, the co-presence of "mind" and its "object"; hence it ignores or underestimates all the active, questing, questioning aspects of knowledge, and the manner in which this active and questioning aspect depends on the shared intellectual stock of the thinker's culture, society or period, a stock which may in large part be opaque to him; and hence, in this crescendo of related sins, they are insensitive to history.

Thus there is an intimate connexion between Collingwood's detestation of realism (which he combatted with the help of ideas and terms borrowed from the Idealist tradition), and the fact that he was one of the very few academic philosophers of his general background to take history seriously. And he has a genuine point when he equates a specific philosophy, realism, with human stupidity and dogmatism in general. Realism is in the end a blindness to the manner in which one's own mental activity and conceptual equipment contributes to one's view of things, and hence of the way in which that background may be historically specific and problematical. The realist has an unshakable conviction that things must be as they seem *to him*, and that to doubt this must be pathological—and, of late, he has possessed philosophical premises which enable him to say just this, in so many words. Realism differs from ordinary flat-footed complacency only by being elevated into an overt system, with the help of formulas such as that "the known is not affected by being known".

So Collingwood has a point when he equates realism with human stupidity as such. But, apart from Nature's Own Realists, who cannot bear to see their own cognitive status questioned, there occasionally arise rather more specific reasons for being attracted by the realist vision. Collingwood was aware of these, and was also capable of speaking of individual realists with respect, whatever he felt about the species as a whole: "One of them, Bertrand Russell, a gifted and accomplished writer, has left records of his successive attempts at a philosophy."

Collingwood saw with great clarity just what specific ideas lay behind certain forms of realism which were influential early in the century:

> Here I parted company with what I called propositional logic. . . . According to propositional logic . . . truth or falsehood . . . belongs to propositions as such. . . .
>
> It seemed to me that this doctrine was a mistake due to the early partnership between logic and grammar. The logician's proposition seemed to me a kind of ghostly double of the grammarian's sentence. . . .
>
> This attempt to correlate the logical proposition with the grammatical indicative sentence has never been altogether satisfactory. There have always been people who saw that the true "unit of thought" was not the proposition but something more complex in which the proposition serves as answer to a question.

And in a really devastating footnote he goes on to say:

> Hence that numerous and frightful offspring of propositional logic out of illiteracy, the various attempts at a "logical language", beginning with pedantry of the text-books about "reducing a proposition to logical form", and ending, for the present, in the typographical jargon of *Principia Mathematica*.

What is fascinating about these passages is that they contain, in a lucid, forceful, elegant and succinct form, whatever is valid in Wittgenstein's "later" philosophy, in his onslaught on the "logical atomism" (in effect—propositional atomism) of his own and Russell's youth, on the belief that the world is obliged, in the interest of making itself intelligible to us, to construct itself in the image of the notation of *Principia Mathematica*, so that the secret of the universe is in the keeping of the type-setters of the Cambridge University Press.

It is important to note that, whatever accusations are made against Collingwood to the effect that he rewrote history in his autobiography, this central insight, the rejection of "propositional logic" and its replacement by a logic of question and answer, was demonstrably present in his thought from the very start, as was the hatred of realism which is so intimately linked with it. *Speculum Mentis* already contains a section entitled "Knowledge as Question and Answer", and in it we can read:

> A crude empiricism imagines that knowledge is composed wholly of assertion. . . . Knowledge as a past fact, as something dead and done with . . . does consist of assertion, and those who treat it as an affair of encyclopaedias and text-books may be forgiven for thinking it is assertion and nothing else. But those who look upon it as an affair of discovery and exploration have never fallen into that error. People who are acquainted with knowledge at first hand have always known that assertions are only answers to questions.

The rejection of the philosophical assumptions of propositional logic is central to Collingwood, as it is to the "later" Wittgenstein. In the *Critical Essays* W. H. Walsh notes some aspects of the similarity:

> [Collingwood] . . . arrived at something like the Wittgensteinian conception of autonomous language-games. . . . He differed from Wittgenstein in thinking that individual games were constantly changing their rules. . . . But his position in other respects was surprisingly similar to the one Wittgenstein was developing. . . .
>
> Like Wittgenstein, the later Collingwood thought that philosophy cannot judge or explain; at bottom it can only describe. But we may well wonder if Collingwood lived up to his own professions in this matter. . . .

Very much to his credit, Collingwood did *not* live up to his professions in this matter, and did not resign himself to relativism and merely "describing". If Collingwood and the later Wittgenstein shared an insight about the inadequacy of propositional logic and the passive view of knowledge, the most interesting way of comparing them will be by seeing how they cope with the corresponding problem, the realist insight that knowledge must be something that is independent of the knower or of his conceptual system—in other words, that *relativism won't do*.

But the historical question which now also imposes itself is this: if the emphatic denial of the grammar/logic/thought parallelism was already available, vigorously expressed, in Collingwood, as was the alternative to it, the view that thought is a concrete activity dependent on an historically specific framework (a system of questions and answers, or a "language game" that is a part of a "form of life", as you prefer)—then why did philosophers need to wait for Godot/Wittgenstein, when it was all already available in Collingwood?

The answer to this question will become manifest if we compare the two thinkers in more detail, and in particular the way they handle or fail to handle the issue of realism, of external checks on knowledge.

At one or two minor points, the comparison of the two thinkers goes in Wittgenstein's favour. Collingwood's manner of formulating an alternative to "propositional logic" has certain dangers: those who are deeply wedded to the implicit Platonism of propositional logic and its timeless, a-historical entities, may be tempted by Collingwood's "logic of question and answer" not to replace it, but to expand it. The population of the Platonic realm will then grow beyond mere "propositions", being augmented by further inhabitants called "questions" and "presuppositions", including a special aristocratic élite known as "absolute presuppositions", who, it seems, can do no wrong, are accountable to no one, and are beyond the reach of any laws.

Secondly, Collingwood's stylistic élan and panache rather carried him away: when explaining the logic of question and answer, he gives the impression of describing terribly neat and elegant pyramidal structures, in which propositions, questions and presuppositions sweep up towards the sky, with "absolute presuppositions" in the place of the highest spires. The logical edifices which we actually inhabit are most unlikely to be quite as neat and elegant as this, or, if they are, Collingwood has certainly failed to show that it is so. Moreover, the implicit suggestion that all these systems of question-and-answer have a similar structure seems to reproduce, in new form, one of the fallacies built into the old "propositional logic"—namely, that when men think, they are always doing roughly the same kind of thing. By contrast, it is a merit of Wittgenstein's notion of "language games" that he insists on their most varied and, often, very humble nature. If some of them resemble cathedrals, the others are like hovels.

But in more important ways, the comparison is favourable to Collingwood. The really crucial issue is the handling of the one central insight of realism: that belief systems ought not to be, and sometimes indeed escape being, judges in their own case, that what makes some of them genuinely cognitive is that they stand in relation to something other than themselves. It is not so much, as the realists would have it, that the known is unaffected by being known, as that the knower is not always autistic.

The task facing the theory of knowledge is to combine the idealist insight, concerning the active, context-bound, historically specific nature of mind, with the realist awareness of the non-autistic nature of genuine knowledge. Neither of the two thinkers in any way solves this problem and reconciles the two insights: but it is enormously to Collingwood's credit that he continued to be tormented by it, while Wittgenstein's failure lies in his easy willingness to accept the collective-subjectivism inherent in his view that "forms of life" are ultimate, and cannot be accountable to anything. He was all too willing to exchange his earlier view that thought was subject to the constraints of propositional entities, for a new view which confers ultimate cognitive sovereignty on each culture and its linguistic custom, without any further checks or constraints whatsoever.

Collingwood, as the contributors to the *Critical Essays*—in particular Stephen Toulmin—remind us, continued to struggle with this. He knew that constellations of absolute presuppositions replace each other in history, that this is the very life of thought, and that this is what philosophy is about. He would never have accepted the option mentioned by the editor of the volume, Michael Krausz, in his own contribution to it:

> "The historian of ideas [illegible] account for such change [illegible] rational terms (e g, econo[illegible] sociological)".

Collingwood was acutely [illegible] to the fact that these fund[illegible] conceptual changes were to [illegible] portant extent intellectu[illegible] dogenous. This is what ma[illegible] tory interesting. But at th[illegible] time he had defined abso[illegible] suppositions as absolute and [illegible] terminal. If such, there is [illegible] contradiction—ironically [illegible] the one for which he bl[illegible] realists—in *also* explaining [illegible] rational way the self-transfo[illegible] of those presuppositions: [illegible] explanation of such change [illegible] an appeal to some more [illegible] criteria of rationality. If the[illegible] implicitly claimed to know th[illegible] they had defined as the ul[illegible] Collingwood found himself [illegible] seek *reasons* for changes i[illegible] very ideas which, on his ow[illegible] tion, stood at the very en[illegible] beyond the regress of reas[illegible]

Facing this dilemma, Co[illegible] falls back, as Professor To[illegible] minds us, on metaphor:

> The essential thing about [illegible] "phases" is that each [illegible] gives place to another; [illegible] one is violently destroyed [illegible] forces impinging . . . from [illegible] . . . but because each of th[illegible] it lives is working at tur[illegible] into the next. . . . The [illegible] cian's business, therefore, [illegible] also to find out on what [illegible] and by what processes on[illegible] has turned into another.
>
> The dynamics of history [illegible] yet completely understood [illegible] is grasped that each phase [illegible] verted into the next by a p[illegible] change. . . . One phase ch[illegible] another because the first p[illegible] in unstable equilibrium a[illegible] itself the seeds of change [illegible] deed of that change. Its [illegible] not at rest; it was alwa[illegible] strain.

Collingwood could hardly [illegible] that he had thus overcom[illegible] emma between intellectu[illegible] genous and hence somehow [illegible] change ("seeds" which [illegible] not merely that change [illegible] but *the* specific change [illegible] come, as the above quot[illegible] plain), and on the other [illegible] logical ultimacy of "ab[illegible] suppositions". But he di[illegible] tend that the problem does [illegible] By contrast, "forms of li[illegible] were claimed by Wittgens[illegible] ultimate. And there was a [illegible] ous double strategy in [illegible] appear so. The rules of [illegible] games were final becaus[illegible] ultimate, because there w[illegible] which could stand bey[illegible] either to validate them [illegible] them under strain; and, a[illegible] time, they were also bind[illegible] they were humble, trivi[illegible] will be games.

George Santayana once [illegible] that our nationality is lik[illegible] tions with women—far [illegible] cated in our moral [illegible] changed honourably, and [illegible]

[illegible]idental to be worth changing. [illegible] corresponds exactly to the [illegible]ttgensteinian double basis for the [illegible]imation of the hold which con[illegible]tual custom has over us: the [illegible]es of language are far too impli[illegible]ed in our whole way of life to be [illegible]geable without deep disruption, [illegible] at the same time they are far [illegible] contingent to deserve reform. [illegible] bind us because they are oh [illegible] ultimate *and* because they are [illegible] so trite and ordinary. They are [illegible] ultimate to be changed and too [illegible]onal to be worth changing.

[illegible] is the double vindication: [illegible] stand both beyond and beneath [illegible] compliment of rational opposi[illegible] Santayana was being half-[illegible]rious: Wittgenstein, alas, was [illegible] But concepts at any rate are a [illegible] matter. Loyalty to ideas [illegible] be justified, as Santayana [illegible]ifies loyalty to women — that [illegible] are not worth swapping because [illegible] doesn't make much odds anyway. [illegible] we are sometimes *obliged* [illegible] change, and for rational reasons. [illegible]ngwood, professionally con[illegible]ed with the profound conceptual [illegible]lutions which make up [illegible] history, knew this full well. [illegible]genstein was ignorant of it, [illegible] he equated all philosophy [illegible] the appeal of what Collingwood [illegible] "propositional logic", and [illegible] the overcoming of that appeal. Norman Malcolm has reported: [illegible]genstein . . . told me once that [illegible] the *Tractatus* he had provided [illegible]rfected account of a view that [illegible] the *only* alternative to the view[illegible] of his later work." In other [illegible], where Collingwood equated [illegible]sophy with the history of human [illegible], Wittgenstein equated it with [illegible] own personal development.

[illegible]rough this difference in the [illegible] they faced their biggest prob[illegible], we can now answer the intrigu[illegible] question of why Collingwood did [illegible] receive the full recognition [illegible] was his due. The ideas which [illegible] acclaimed two or three decades [illegible] as a great revelation—the rejec[illegible] of propositional logic, of the [illegible]ar/thought parallelism, and [illegible] replacement by an active, [illegible]xt-sensitive theory of thought [illegible]ld *also* be found in Colling[illegible] in a form which was both [illegible] and expressed in clearer and [illegible] vigorous prose. Why then did [illegible] receive credit for it?

[illegible] the *Critical Essays* Professor [illegible] propounds some interesting [illegible]sically extraneous reasons why [illegible]gwood should have been under[illegible]ted in his final years. But the [illegible] most interesting and ironic [illegible], which is also internal to his [illegible] rather than related to his per[illegible] situation, escapes Professor [illegible]. Where "Collingwood's [illegible] contradicted the spirit as [illegible] the letter of the realists, Witt[illegible] *perpetuated* their spirit. In [illegible] sense, Wittgenstein's [illegible]ment was quite remarkable: [illegible] of realist ends by idealist [illegible]

[illegible] not surprising that the old [illegible] were blind to history. If [illegible] is the co-presence of [illegible] and its object, then the historic dating of the first occasion of each such blissful encounter is quite external to the inner meaning of the encounter itself. Thus realism naturally leads to a-historism. But if one holds the "active" theory of mind (presented here as the "use" theory of meaning, in contrast to the "echo" theory presupposed by realists), and a contextual theory of concepts (each tied to its "language game", a term which conveys both the idea of system and that of activity), then, one should have supposed, one would naturally be led to an interest in the concrete historic incarnations of "forms of life" and "language games".

But, oddly enough, this was not to be. Through the quite mistaken doctrine that the *only* thing which leads people to seek extraneous validation for the ideas of their "form of life" (i e, to escape relativism), was that one error about grammar/thought parallelism enshrined in "propositional logic", Wittgenstein was led to facile, doubly-based vindication of all and any "form of life". Overcome the illusions of propositional logic, under competent guidance of course, and you will find yourself happy and content in your own "form of life . . .".

It was thus that his philosophy could serve so admirably all the requirements of the realist spirit—cognitive complacency, blindness to history and change, ethical smugness. The slogan that philosophy leaves everything as it is, replaces the one about the thing known being unaffected by knowledge, and the two slogans fulfil *perfectly* analogous roles in generating or confirming the curious realist ontology: the view that everything in the world is much as the realist always thought it was. One might suppose, superficially, that the slogan about *philosophy* leaving everything "as it is", might be a bit narrower in its application than the view that *knowledge* does not tamper with its objects. But no: the operational force of the slogan about philosophy is that any counter-commonsensical view is ipso facto both philosophical and mistaken, and by this curious *via negativa* all commonsensical views are automatically vindicated at one remove, through the elimination of their rivals.

So the realists are alive and well and kicking; Collingwood's "undischarged bankrupt" is trading under a new name and from new premises. Their views on the irrelevance of thought to concrete choices, ensuring that their philosophy was and is "so pure from the sordid taint of utility that they could lay their hands on their hearts and say it was no use at all", springs not merely from the general realist compulsive instinct that thought must not have the power to reform anything, but also more specifically from the work conditions of the don: it would be a dreadful solecism for a philosophy teacher to say to his pupil, the proofs of the existence of God are valid, so you'd better attend chapel, or equally to say, they are invalid, don't bother to attend. The separation of roles which, for historically specific reasons, obtains here and now, is perceived by these thinkers as a universal logical intuition. Collingwood reports asking himself about 1920: "Why is it that nowadays no Oxford man, unless he is about 70 years old or else a teacher of philosophy . . . regards philosophy as anything but a futile parlour game?" Things have changed: there is little need now to put in that qualification about men of seventy and teachers.

Still, it was a *tour de force* of a kind to bring about the realist ends by idealist means. It could only be done if the relativism remained unqualified: for it was the relativist endorsement of all cultural outlooks as such which now did the job of realism, of reassuring the temperamental realist that whatever he had believed was indeed so. But this was precisely the message: "Philosophy leaves everything as it is."

By contrast, Collingwood, though also in full possession of the premises rejecting "propositional logic", disqualified himself from performing this service of re-endorsing realist expectations, simply because his flirtation with relativism was open and explicit, tormented and incomplete, and highlighted rather than obscured the problems of relativism. His thought was rooted in history, rather than systematically blind to historic diversity and the problems it raises. Collingwood also never stooped to use the double vindication, from both ultimacy and triviality; he did use the argument from ultimacy, but was so honest in his use of it that he had great trouble with it, being driven, as we saw, into the metaphorical language of "strain" and "seeds of change", when he had to explain how presuppositions which were, each of them, logically ultimate, nevertheless *also* had logical links with each other. So with him, the problems of relativism remained undisguised. On the contrary, they were highlighted.

It was quite different with Wittgenstein. His relativism, and above all its difficulties, were largely camouflaged, by its negative formulation (it concentrated on the removal of supposed obstacles to the acceptance of any given local "common sense", rather than on a direct, positive vindication of it); by its rapid alternation between the argument from ultimacy and the argument from triviality (we *could* speak differently if we so chose, but why bother?); and by its total lack of concrete historical identification of those allegedly ultimate "forms of life" which were such a central idea for it (preferring instead to use ad hoc imaginary tribes, or fragments drawn from ordinary speech, which, of course, leaves unanswered the question concerning the identity and limits of the "form of life" from which those fragments are drawn). Being half-camouflaged and formal, his relativism was not pressed to face the problems of relativism; and it made no attempt to face them. Thus it remained both serene and unqualified, and delivered the realist goods at a minimal cost in worry or anxiety—and cheap at the price it was.

In the *Critical Essays*, there is no consensus about Collingwood's relativism. Professor Walsh thinks he should have been relativist, but did not live up to his professions in this respect. Professor Toulmin refers to "Collingwood's ultimate relativism", but also notes that "Collingwood never took the final step of replacing 'reasons' by 'causes' completely". Nathan Rotenstreich refers to "Collingwood's . . . confessed historicism", and does not think he can escape from the well-known paradoxes which follow if relativism is applied to itself. Professor Krausz on the other hand thinks that Collingwood *could* escape the pitfalls of irrationalist relativism, if only he adopted certain modifications proposed by Professor Krausz himself. Errol E. Harris, while he concedes that in the "Essay on Metaphysics" "Collingwood . . . at least appears to be advocating a relativistic type of historicism"—it would indeed be hard to deny this—wishes none the less to clear him of this charge on the grounds that it "is not typical of his philosophy at its best". This would seem a somewhat circular principle of exegesis. Professor Harris would have Collingwood be an idealist first, and a relativist on the surface only. Could one not claim the opposite? Had he ever found his apparent erstwhile escapes from the relativist predicament through Idealism really satisfying, might he not have mentioned this in the *Autobiography*, if only with a sigh of regret? He did not hesitate to record in it the defects of Idealist logic. Was it really only the abuse of a reviewer, as Professor Donagan suggests, which by the 1930s led him to resent the label "Idealist"?

Professor Harris, like his predecessor Sir Malcolm Knox, values Collingwood the idealist above Collingwood the relativist. But where Professor Knox blamed Collingwood's later relativism on his illness, Professor Harris, in truly idealist spirit, blames what he alleges is a mere *appearance* of relativism, on the interpreters, on *their* failure to see Collingwood's later thought in its full context, on being misled by looking at the part not the whole. It is amusing to see these members of an Idealist press-gang trying firmly if kindly to take Collingwood by the scruff of his neck and frogmarch him back to the High Anglo-Hegelian Idealist encampment. To do so they have to discount his later work, notably the superb *Autobiography*, either by invoking ill health or by crediting its manifest, and brilliantly expressed, meaning to the supposed projection of non-idealist readers, who have a predilection for parts rather than wholes: "How came Collingwood to fall from the heights of the *Essay on Philosophical Method* to the depths of his *Autobiography*?" It is with these words that Professor Donagan sums up Professor Knox's attitude to the problem, without making clear to what extent he himself shares it.

Many contemporary readers might well invert this assessment of what constitutes the heights and the depths, and to attempt a *tu quoque* reply to Professor Harris. Is it so obvious that the *Essay on Philosophical Method* is lily-white idealism untainted by relativism? It culminates in an eloquent passage which says, in effect, that philosophy *is* conceptual self-exploration:

> Every piece of philosophical writing is primarily addressed by the author to himself. Its purpose . . . is . . . to fasten upon the difficulties and obscurities in which he finds himself involved, and try . . . at least to understand them better.
>
> . . . philosophical writing [is] essentially a confession, a search by the mind for its own failings and an attempt to remedy them by recognising them.
>
> Their [philosophers'] only excuse for writing is that they mean to make a clean breast, first to themselves, and then to their readers, if they have any.

This view of philosophy as self-knowledge, which being conceptual self-knowledge must of course be of a largely shared set of ideas rather than of personal idiosyncrasy, really is *not* so very far removed from the brutally expressed but uneasy relativism which came soon after. So who is it who mistakes a part for the whole?

Had Collingwood's relativism been facile and evasive, like that of his more influential contemporary, he would have been much less interesting. But equally, as against his Idealist friends, one can say that he would have been even less interesting if he had not been a relativist at all. He used idealism as an idiom for his relativism, not as an escape from it. It is unfortunate for these Idealists that, in order to make their claim, they have to discount the *Autobiography*, which happens to be a literary masterpiece, and one which will continue to be widely read and to carry conviction—which cannot always be said of its detractors. It is the works of Collingwood which "lack serenity" and are "marred by febrility" (according to Knox) and which record his relationship with relativism, which have a claim on our attention. Had he really found serenity in the cloud-cuckooland of Absolute Idealism, we might well be tempted to endorse that early and dismissive reviewer, who had made such a permanent dent in Collingwood's ego, and speak of "the usual idealistic nonsense".

So, in the end, was he or was he not a relativist? There is no straight Yes or No answer. His sensitivity to the implications of the "questioning" theory of mind, and to the historic specificity of the questions, impelled him towards relativism. His awareness of its difficulties was equally strong. So he wobbled. What is important is that he saw relativism as a difficult problem, not as a facile solution.

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Kommandant van Heerden makes his reappearance complete with the true-blue and very new heart which preserved him for us after the violent goings-on in *Riotous Assembly,* and it is the strange influence exerted by this organ (which once beat in the breast of an English gentleman) that causes him to seek the exclusiveness of the Dornford Yates Club: a small but pukkah group defending the last tatty remnants of colonial gentility. While the Kommandant is away pursuing delusions of faded grandeur, however, Lieutenant Veerkramp is free to give rein to grand—and psychopathic—delusions concerning the Red Menace and the sexual misconduct of his konstabels. Hapless and ham-fisted spies are put into the field, while at the barracks serried rows of konstabels, their private parts wired to a hand-cranked generator, are forced to undergo a crude form of aversion therapy which eventually results in half the constabulary rushing out to buy eyeliner and pantie-girdles.

It would be unfair—and largely impossible—to say much more about the plot, or to précis events. The book moves at a manic pace, is marvellously inventive, and keeps the lunacies and lunatic attitudes well within the scope of their satirical purpose. What clinches the novel's success, though, is Mr Sharpe's brilliant comic style. His phrasing, his timing, and his extraordinarily deft handling of the minutiae of comic incidents makes for real hilarity; and the joke—as before — is on intolerance and cruelty.

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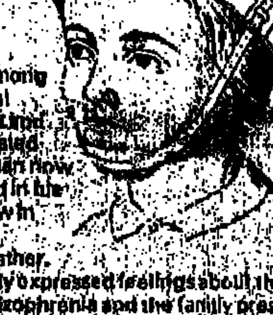
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Psychiatrists and psychoanalysts, chief among them Freud himself, have used Daniel Paul Schreber as the model for classic paranoia and schizophrenia. But none of them investigated Schreber's background. Morton Schatzman now proves that what Daniel Paul experienced in his madness was a distortion of what he knew in his childhood – a series of calculated, repressive experiments designed by his father.

These discoveries reinforce already widely expressed feelings about the relationship between what is termed schizophrenia and the family pressures which act on the sufferer. £2.60 illustrated

Roy Lichtenstein

Edited by John Coplans

This book consists of lengthy interviews with Lichtenstein as well as an informed selection of major critical writing about him. There is a penetrating introduction to his work, plus extended bibliography and chronology. £3.60 illustrated

Allen Lane

Fathers and children

PAUL BRODEUR :

Downstream

202pp. Bodley Head. £1.95.

DAVID GARNETT :

Purl and Plain

192pp. Macmillan. £2.25.

Downstream is a selection of thirteen short stories by Paul Brodeur, who has been publishing in the *New Yorker* for ten years or so. Some of them are highly polished but hard-hearted in the *New Yorker* manner, and yield very little but an unsettling feeling of neatness: "Angel of Death" is such a story, in which a son fussing over some poisonous plants in his garden is set on his ear by his wise visiting mother. The high polish is not consistent. In the opening story, "The Spoiler", a group of noisy and careless young skiers in a Vermont lodge are forced to an incongruous awareness of death by a neighbour, a father unbalanced by the recent loss of a child. The youngsters are identified fifteen times in the course of the story as "shaggy-haired skiers": some possibly intended significance is soon lost in the pointless clumsiness of it. A "frail voyager who was his father" appears in "The Secret", and "his father [another father] a frail voyager" in "The Siphon".

But in a few of these stories there is both heart and wit, which puts them beyond quibbling about their provenance. "Blue Lawns" is a very funny and extravagant story about a young man so bored and irritated by the period of transition between boyhood and manhood that he wishes, dreams and self-dramatizes himself into a reincarnation of his greatest hero, The Great Gatsby. "The Proposal", about a quarrel between a settled but unmarried couple, when the man is insisting on an answer, is a beautiful little piece, offering no conclusion, but folding back on itself just as the quarrel has done. The last story, "Hydrography", is the crown of the collection. A husband and wife are on holiday in Italy after their child has died and its ashes have been scattered on an American stream. In a sort of elegy to sane madness, Paul Brodeur describes the wife compulsively collecting cuttings of ivy from every festooned building she comes upon. The husband traces in his mind's eye the passage of any water he sees, as it flows to some stream, and on to some sea, and somewhere meets the eternal atoms of his lost child.

The stories in David Garnett's collection were published between 1919 and 1972, and the blurb matches them to his fifteen novels written over the same period, accurately enough, but not quite in the way that was intended. Among the first eight stories are some very good things indeed. [illegible] is a sad and subtle story, "The Dovecote", about a soldier returning from the trenches to find his wife more wrapped up in her birds [illegible] gentlefolk than in him. In "Purl and Plain", a brisk and cruel frolic, [illegible] ladies drown each other for the [illegible] of some rose-coloured knitting [illegible]. There are two dry accounts of [illegible] cratic brutality, one in Russia, and an English farm, paid out [illegible] by the author, gathering [illegible] with an awful calm. The remaining six stories are much more concerned with situations—a young painter suddenly eclipsed by a much more [illegible] ted father; a would-be hippy [illegible] tion on a Caribbean island. But [illegible] ironic perception of the [illegible] stories, and of the famous [illegible] missing; style and ideas are no [illegible] inseparable, the writing is [illegible] invention falters and the [illegible]

Nightmare parable

HUGH HOOD :

You Can't Get There From Here

202pp. Ottawa: Oberon Press. Distributed by Dobson Books. £3 (paperback, £1.50).

Hugh Hood's novel is the story of Leofrica, an "emergent" African nation, living at or below subsistence level. There are two tribes, Ugetis and Pineals (isn't the pineal a gland?), the UN, the USSR, the USA, a giant corporation called INTERFOODS, agents, double agents, tribal myths, trained scuba divers, two currencies (nuts and UN Scrip). The local girls use an oil pipeline for ritual masturbation, believing it to be a snake god. There is intrigue, and counter-intrigue. The descriptive prose and the dialogue are [illegible] good, and include humour of a [illegible] ical kind — for this is basic[illegible] nightmare, where a tribal civil [illegible] artificially provoked by [illegible] outside interests (Albania/[illegible]). The storyline is strong, though [illegible] cerned mainly with politics, finance and sometimes a bit of [illegible] ing: there are almost too [illegible] agents. But the novel is both [illegible] and intelligent ("the twentieth century is still the nineteenth in [illegible] portant social aspects") and [illegible] tains very little of the [illegible] cliché. It is written with none of [illegible] snideness with which some [illegible] write about Africans, and seems [illegible] much the work of somebody [illegible] knows and understands Afri[illegible] thermore, as a kind of parable, [illegible] a lot of relevance to the [illegible] there today.

Young rebel

NATSUME SŌSEKI :

Botchan.

Translated by Alan Turney

163pp. Peter Owen. £2.75.

Botchan was published in 1906 and was the second novel of Natsume Sōseki, one of the major figures of modern Japanese literature. "Botchan" means "the young master" and is a diminutive form used of the children of well-to-do households. The hero of this "I-novel", who takes his first teaching post in a state middle school in the wilds of Shikoku, far from his native Tokyo, is well past the age to which the term applies, but it conveys beautifully his relationship with Kiyo, the old family servant, and her loyal affection for him.

Botchan moves jauntily from one crisis to another in his more month at the middle school before he resigns in disgrace and returns to Tokyo. He tramples on a good number of Japanese conventions and is no respecter of persons. Botchan also attacks the moral basis of Japanese education, a strong statement of the rebel in him at a time, just after victory over the Russians, when the state and patriotism were carrying all before them, but when the intellectual had lost his sense of public vocation and, alienated and disillusioned, had no alternative to "total flight from society". Botchan debunks *haiku*—one of the traditional poetic forms—as a hobby for "dilettantes with plenty of time on their hands". Flower arrangement, too, and its admirers and practitioners gain no sympathy. "A person who enjoys looking at twisted plants or bamboo might just as well be proud of having a hunch-backed lover or a lame husband."

So it is small wonder that Sōseki and the heavily European-influenced school of Naturalists who were developing the "I-novel" in the early years of this century were popular, particularly with young readers. For them, the hero (and author, who put much of his own experience into his writing, as indeed Sōseki does in *Botchan*), succeeded in an irreverent escape from convention in a way that the reader would not dare to emulate.

Botchan and its predecessor are still very popular today, most of all with final-year middle schoolboys and those just into high school. It is the nature of the rollicking rebel and the spice and pace of the narrative that appeal to parent, teacher and schoolchild alike. There is an attraction, too, in Sōseki's natural and realistic style, which [illegible] that of contemporary haiku [illegible] and describes things seen and [illegible] in a concrete, exact manner.

Alan Turney faced a daunting [illegible] as translator. Not all the jokes [illegible] across today in Japanese and [illegible] is a fair number of quite impo[illegible] puns. But, even allowing for [illegible] and other difficulties, the transl[illegible] is by no means fluent. An E[illegible] reader should not be led to feel [illegible] he is in the world of the Mag[illegible] the mid-1930s.

Imperial adventure

ALAN SCHOLEFIELD :

The Hammer of God

205pp. Heinemann. £2.25.

At one point in Alan Scholefield's tale of Abyssinia in the 1860s, G. A. Henty is mentioned as a newspaper correspondent covering the activities of General Napier's expedition against Theodore, King of Kings. The impression one gets from this plain, carefully written story is that its well-known South African author has set out to write an imperial boys' adventure story for adults.

Disenchanted with military life, his marriage broken, John Franklin gives up his commission in the Indian Army. He ends up in Abyssinia as an adviser to Theodore, a bandit become King, who at one point unified his realm from its hotchpotch of warring factions, and governed it with enlightenment. Theodore desires a British alliance, as much from vanity as monarchic ambition. Franklin goes to London to get it, and finds himself faced with a Foreign Office much like Dickens's Circumlocution Office—uninterested, insulting, [illegible]

After an illness, Franklin [illegible] belatedly to Abyssinia, [illegible] expedition led by Lord [illegible] and his new wife, whose [illegible] are to hunt the rare Walia [illegible] Lamming is like an itinerant [illegible] Grandcourt, while his wife, [illegible] we see at first as pert and [illegible] is a Gwendolen on safari. She [illegible] from a background of genteel [illegible] erty, like all true Victorian [illegible] ines. And there is [illegible] harbours a grudge against [illegible] ming, and is nasty-spirited, [illegible] ing, and a cad. Franklin has a [illegible] native servant. By this [illegible] reader must be excused if he [illegible] developed a habit of attaching [illegible] of likely film stars to the [illegible] ters. Fortunately, however, [illegible] characters are from Hollywood [illegible] Wardour Street, the writing is [illegible] Exotic scenes are written in [illegible] ible, accurate prose—ways [illegible] anarchic banquets, massacres [illegible] tles, and the mountain [illegible] Magdala. But it is all a [illegible] humdrum-humdrum, like [illegible] drums, a panorama of [illegible] duty, arrogance, muddle, [illegible] and with passion somehow [illegible] ing to break through.

Dealing with death

SUSAN HILL :

A Bit of Singing and Dancing

196pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.25.

To be both versatile and prolific—as Susan Hill has proved herself by now—is admirable in a young writer. But there comes a point, which she has perhaps reached, when it is equally important to establish an individual stamping-ground—even to the extent of being vulnerable to parody; when the reader begins to feel he recognizes landmarks and signals which only this particular writer gives, and where some coherent map of attitudes begins to take shape.

In this collection of short stories, although the diversity of mood and setting still provides the kind of patchwork entertainment we expect from the form, Miss Hill's stamp is at once recognizable. She is, for instance, preoccupied (as in her most recent novel *The Bird of Night*) with approaching death, and with the adjustment, or perhaps resignation, that can make old age dignified rather than fearful or petulant. An old lady, whom the jolly young nurses do their best to reduce to senility ("Don't nod off again will you? Now careful, Mrs [illegible], I haven't got all day, dear"), finds she can relive her youth in India, hear "the yelping of street dogs and the thud of the feet of great, grey, swaying elephants"; why should she care if "Ox-face", [illegible] as suet and shouting commands as if to the deaf, won't let her have her clothes, or bacon, or bring the bedpan? In more than half these stories, there is a death. [illegible], his flamboyant butterfly youth spent cavaliering his way from Turkey to Paris, from Ritz to [illegible], ends up a derelict, unable even to get a job as Father Christmas, his squalid bedsitter littered with fancy dress and a suitcaseful of clockwork monkeys which his old school admirer had watched him peddling on the Rialto Bridge. Two grotesque gents, Mr Proudham and Mr Sleight, allow a young woman, writing alone in the upstair flat, to see behind the punctilious front that safeguards their mad and tragic existence; she alone suspects their death was not an accident.

Children—and especially those who are set apart from their fellows, who are parentless or sickly, or "not quite right"—have also become significant figures in Miss Hill's private world of suffering. In her first story of the deaf-and-dumb fenland villager whose love for a doomed, frail little girl is seen as malevolent by superstitious neighbours, she almost falls into the Little Nell trap of sentimentalism. The vacant, knowing eyes of the caretaker's boy drive a frustrated *amoureuse,* using the conservatory of the treasure-filled stately home for her rendezvous, to wish him dead—and this gloss on the "go-between" theme is more cynical than L. P. Hartley's.

Possibly the best story in the book, "The Custodian", reveals Miss Hill's territory *par excellence*. In her favourite setting of the bleak, flat, Suffolk estuary country, where the village is still a tramp away and suspicious of strangers, where gulls swoop and reeds are "stiff and white as blades", an old man lives alone with the child he rescued from Welfare care. It is hard but just when the boy's father reappears, intruding unlooked-for tantalizing glimpses of the great big noisy television world outside; how can he guess that the old man's one purpose in staying alive is his devotion to the child?

Tolstoy was invoked when reviewers praised Miss Hill's earlier prize-winning volume of stories, *The Albatross*. Her range is still remarkable, and half-a-dozen of these tales are better than most that find magazine publication. But maybe we should begin to judge Miss Hill in terms of her own country; threnodies on poor, or lonely, or forgotten individuals living lives of self-sacrifice and eccentric courage, being ironed out by materialism and soulless hygienic standards, are perhaps what we shall grow to value more and more in fiction; Hardy and Coppard preserved their own, very English, worlds, and it looks as though Miss Hill is well on her way to joining their company.

In mourning

EUDORA WELTY :

The Optimist's Daughter

180pp. André Deutsch. £1.75.

It is bad luck how established, but not showy, writers are taken for granted. If Eudora Welty's latest novel were an early one from a new writer, it would be hailed as a masterpiece.

It is about grieving: something commoner in life than in current fiction. Verse, from pop lyric to elegy, can express the concentrated scream of grief; the novel has the harder job of somehow suggesting grieving as *activity,* negative, monotonous and passive as it is, and at the mercy of the griever's relationship with time. Eudora Welty's skill in this book lies in the way she incorporates, without obtrusive use of flashback, a long span of passed and passing time within the framework of a few days.

The plot is that an old man falls ill, dies, and is buried. Attending him are two women: his daughter Laurel, gentle, widowed, back in the small-town South from her job in Chicago; and his second wife, Fay, a shrill little Texan of outstanding shallowness and spite. Like all the best quiet woman novelists, Eudora Welty knows where to put the boot in, and her description of Fay's family, unexpectedly arriving at the funeral where all Mount Salus is honouring its Judge and Mayor, is comic and touching and dreadful.

But in the end they and even Fay receive a kind of affection from Laurel, just because they live, and travel on. Out of all the faded, polished, tenderly described objects in the house from which she is disinherited, Laurel finds a rough and battered memory of her husband, and takes on a burden of vitality and guilt that survivors carry.

Always present is the dead Becky, Laurel's loved mother. The long span of her marriage to the Judge, of Laurel's childhood, counterpoint the present. Her way of grieving, a frantic premonitory reproach for the way her husband—the optimist—will outlive her, is contrasted to Laurel's way and to the Judge's foolish, hopeful way that eventually is the death of him.

A very subtle book; not solemn or pretentious; and it even has that old trick of making you want to know how it will turn out.

Other gods and others

[illegible]GIO MANGANELLI :

Agli dèi ulteriori

[illegible]pp. Turin: Einaudi. L2,500.

The themes of Giorgio Manganelli's novels—the word *novel* is really a misnomer, as we shall see—from the early *Hilarotragoedia* (1961) to *Nuovo Commento* (1969) and now *Agli dèi ulteriori*—have remained the same: the Cosmos, the Word, Death and Nothing (capital letters obligatory). Signor Manganelli likes to combine these four terms in simple but startling ways, to suggest new and devastating hypotheses about the human condition and the [illegible] of the universe in the divine or Divine Spectacle.

Agli dèi ulteriori is a collection of [illegible] pieces, not all of them homogeneous. They are uneven in quality, but at least three of the pieces here are among the best that Signor Manganelli has written. The first, "Un Re" (A King), starts with the sublime assumption: "It seems to me that there is no possible doubt I am a king. I have a regal way of thinking, judging and phantasizing which [illegible] surprises and gladdens me." The kingdom over which the King rules is that of his imagination, which gives him the power to invent a new universe. He explores the royal palace in his head, and fashions his own cosmogony, creating or destroying nights and days, subjecting [illegible] and colours to his own mad [illegible]. But he finally discovers a being who whistles, and knows that this is one creature *he* had not thought of; the King has gone so far in the imperialism of his imagination that he has discovered *l'altro,* the non-self. And it is the other who usurps the crown.

"Un amore impossibile", another high point, reports the exchange of letters between Hamlet—most likely a dead Hamlet, though his identity papers from the other world are never shown—and the Princesse de Clèves, who looks like death, because death, like her, has a clear complexion and blonde hair. The two communicate their impossible love by means of letters hurled through the empty spaces of death by verbal catapult. Their theme is the essence of death, or rather the unsatisfactory nature of the death which men talk about every day, when compared with the absolute death that lies beyond our reach. In the process, a new theology is born: perhaps the universe is built like Chinese boxes and, as we move from box to box, we also relinquish our familiar gods in the search for ulterior ones (*Agli dèi ulteriori*) and so on, ad infinitum. Meanwhile we, the inhabitants of the boxes, metamorphose to new, more exhaustive and comprehensive forms of *nothingness,* towards the nothing of nothings which is the ultimate aim of our species.

The last and best piece in the collection is the "Discorso sulla difficoltà di comunicare con i morti" (Discourse on the difficulty of communicating with the dead), already known from its publication in 1968 in *Il Menabò*. It is a survey of various extravagant attempts to communicate with the dead, who are separated from us like women from men in a bathing establishment. Since the exact location of the other world is not known, any attempt to establish contact leads the searcher to some unlikely places: the spiral interior of a rusty old nail found in a garage, the rotten tooth of a lizard, any minuscule unexplored cavity where the lost souls of our ancestors might be crowded together.

At times, dim sounds emerge from these tiny voids, perhaps an effort by the dead to communicate the anguish of their non-existence. But these are rare occurrences. Most of the time, there is no answer, either because the dead have been deafened by the noise of their transference to another world, or perhaps because they are all idiots, and the most idiotic of them stand nearest to the surface and our own world. Unless, of course, the problem is simply the difference in language. Meanwhile, the search goes relentlessly on for some impossible channel between the world of light and the world of darkness.

Agli dèi ulteriori, like Signor Manganelli's earlier books, cannot be read conventionally, from cover to cover. It deserves to be read more like a litany, so that it acquires the necessary funereal rhythm and its extravagant ironies and linguistic tours de force have their full mournful effect.

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Hutchinson

Chorister of a New Left litany

MIKIS THEODORAKIS:

Journals of Resistance

Translated by Graham Webb.

334pp. Hart-Davis MacGibbon. £2.95.

This is a flabby book, an unhappy mélange of autobiography, political polemic, contemporary history and musico-literary musings. A composer of unquestioned genius with a record of political militancy, it was inevitable that Theodorakis should become the martyr *par excellence* of the Colonels' Greece at least until he was rescued from the Colonels' grasp in April 1970 by a deus ex machina in the highly appropriate form of M Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. The process of instant martyrization was clearly not hindered by a disposition to overdramatize his own personal plight. He smuggles a political text out of Greece "with a thousand risks and sacrifices". He goes on hunger strike while in exile in Zatouna to protest about the "barbaric, inhuman and revolting treatment" to which he had been subjected. Certainly he and his family were at the receiving end of a great deal of gratuitous insult and humiliation from the police, but compared with that which was, and still is, meted out to less well-known opponents of the regime, among them many students and young people, his treatment was highly privileged indeed. And he did have his family beside him, his piano and his transistor radio. Certainly a winter in a Greek mountain village must have been bleak, but then this is the permanent lot of many of those toiling peasant masses with whose cause Theodorakis has identified himself.

The dramatic messages, the smuggled songs relayed back into Greece by the BBC, the hunger strikes, the appeals to "progressive" world opinion were all grist to the mill of the media trendies, anxious as ever to personalize a complex political situation. Reporters and camera teams were dispatched to lurk over the hills in an effort to catch a glimpse of the captive maestro. Characteristically, he expresses his thanks to these journalists "who made so many sacrifices and laid themselves open to so many dangers for us", when the worst fate that could have befallen them was a trip under close escort to Ellinikon airport. His delight in the fact that an article about his plight which appeared in *The Sunday Times* was reprinted in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* and relayed over the Voice of Truth, broadcasting in Greek from Rumania, is untinged with any sense of the irony inherent in a situation in which such pressure as there has been against the Colonels' regime has come from Western Europe, and more particularly Scandinavia, while relations with most of the Eastern bloc countries have shown a remarkable improvement since the Colonels came to power. The Bulgarians and the Albanians dutifully send back those trying to flee from Greece, while Rumania is the first country to invite Papadopoulos to pay an official visit.

Anyone turning to this book for a systematic account of Theodorakis's political philosophy or a serious analysis of the political and social forces that have resulted in the present impasse in Greece will be gravely disappointed. All we are served up with is a platitudinous New Left litany, replete with the routine clichés about the 'palace clique', United States monopoly capitalism and its attendant plutocracy, with the CIA having more than one finger in the Greek pie.

Theodorakis's prescription for Greece's current political problems appears to take two forms. The first of these is that he should go on hunger strike. In discussing these plans he comes perilously close to sounding like the Sean Mac Stiofain of Greece:

> "So the die is cast! You have decided!"
> "The die is cast," I smile....
> "I think that if you undertake another hunger strike you won't survive."
> "Why do you say that?"
> "I am absolutely certain of it. And that's why I have decided to kill myself and the children."
> I shudder. I know Myrto is not in the habit of speaking lightly.

His second line of strategy is the formation of a new social and political resistance block, based on a common programme of struggle: "In fact, the key slogan for all partisans of the Left throughout the world is in the Political Testament of Ho Chi Minh: 'Union of all progressive forces on a common line of struggle.'" Yet after all this he remains puzzled by the lack of response of the conservative Greek politician Constantine Karamanlis, to whom he addressed an open letter offering to place himself at his service in the common struggle against the dictatorship.

The book does have a certain value to the student of contemporary Greek affairs. It records a curious interview with Colonel Ladas, at that time Secretary General of the Ministry of Public Order and perhaps the most bigoted of the officers in the junta, in which he tried to win over Theodorakis to the Colonels' cause. Theodorakis was certainly not so naive as to fall for Ladas's insistence that the Colonels' populist rhetoric, rather than their free-for-all laisser-faire practice, truly reflects their intentions. Ladas's claim that "We detest the Greek oligarchy as much as you do" sounds not altogether convincing in view of Prime Minister Papadopoulos's subsequent offer to the sons of the Greek shipowners of a period of national service lasting for three months, as compared to the Greek peasant's obligation to serve for two years.

By far the most valuable part of the book is contained in the last twenty pages. This describes his period at the Oropos detention camp, to which he was moved fro[m] [illegible] mountain exile. These [illegible] graphically highlight the [illegible] arily bitter factionalism that [illegible] terizes the Greek left. On his [illegible] at the camp Theodorakis found [illegible] communist factions which [illegible] scarcely on speaking terms with [each] other. There were the old [illegible] faithful, many of whom had be[en in] and out of prison more or [less con]tinually over the previous [illegible] years. These remained faithful [to the] Koliyannist faction of the C[ommunist] Communist Party (Koliyannis w[as] placed as general secretary of [the] party a few months ago but the[re is] no evidence that the leopard [has] changed its spots) despite the [incon]trovertible evidence accum[ulated] over the years that the Soviet [Union] has been, and is, quite prepar[ed to] sell out the Greek left whenev[er in]ternational power politics mak[e it] expedient.

The Koliyannists, Theod[orakis] tells us, had literally terrorized [their] opponents at the Lakki camp [on the] island of Leros. The second fa[ction,] with which Theodorakis himsel[f was] most closely associated, was [the] Bureau of the Interior. This [illegible] split off from the official KKE [in] February 1968, ostensibly ove[r the] leadership's failure to prepa[re for] the eventuality of a military [dicta]torship, although, as Theo[dorakis] demonstrates, the origins of the [split] in fact anteceded the coup. [The] third, "Chaos" group's, posi[tion was] essentially that of a plague o[n both] your houses.

The viciousness of these sec[tarian] disputes, as documented by [Theo]dorakis, gives some verisimilit[ude to] the ugly suggestions that have [been] made from time to time that [rival] factions within the KKE have [gone] so far as to inform on each oth[er to] the security police. They c[ould] help explain the passivity of the [Greek] left during the six years since [the] Colonels seized power. It is [no] wonder, then, that since this [book] was written Theodorakis has [effectively] ally abandoned any connexion [with] any wing of the Greek Com[munist] Party, after thirty years as a m[ember,] bitterly disappointed in the [illegible] of the Greek comrades, and [illegible] of the Greek people at large, [illegible] from his Patriotic Front a new [illegible] capable of bringing dow[n the] Colonels in a mighty upsurg[e of] popular fury."

The book is prefaced by a [rather] odd chronology of Theodorakis's [life] compiled by Ole Wahl Olsen. [It] makes the remarkable alle[gation] that it was British troops rather [than] Greek police who opened fire o[n left-]wing demonstrators in Athens [on] December 3, 1944, thus [illegible]ing the "second round" of the [com]munist attempt to seize pow[er in] Greece. There is not a shred of [res]ponsible evidence for such an [asser]tion.

Losers all

ERIC S. HEFFER:

The Class Struggle in Parliament

350pp. Gollancz. £3.90.

MAUREEN TOMISON:

The English Sickness

256pp. Tom Stacey. £2.80.

Eric Heffer is a living symbol of what Maureen Tomison calls the English sickness. For him industry is a battlefield where the class war still rages, and as the left-wing Labour MP for Liverpool, Walton, since 1964 he has seen the House of Commons as one of the commanding heights which the workers must dominate if they are to win the war. A social democrat, he has a reach-me-down Marxist analysis for every industrial, social, and economic situation. He fought as bitterly against Harold Wilson and Barbara Castle when they introduced a statutory prices and incomes policy and *In Place of Strife* as against Edward Heath and Robert Carr when they brought in their Industrial Relations Bill and their counter-inflation policy. For him there is no higher interest than that of the trade unions, because trade unionists are the nation.

Miss Tomison, whose husband is a professional publicist for the Conservative Party, like a considerable section of the British people, sees the trade unions wielding brute monopoly power and wrecking the national interest by strikes to achieve their selfish ends. She sees Reds under the bed. Mr Heffer, a carpenter and joiner who has spent a lifetime in the trade union movement, manages to convince himself that the workers are still cruelly oppressed, vulnerable, and schemed against, even by Mr Wilson when it suits his book.

Mr Heffer indirectly shows why the concordat on economic policy recently achieved by the Labour Party and the general council of the TUC turned out to be the hollow sham it was, with its strict control on prices and rigours of social planning running parallel with free collective bargaining for the trade unions. His book deals with the Labour Government's attempts between 1966 and 1970 to include incomes in the economic plan, and the fight that he and other members of the Tribune Group in the Parliamentary Labour Party waged against Mr Wilson and his Cabinet. He then moves forward to a phase of the class struggle for which he has even more relish: the story of the fight against the Industrial Relations Bill, with the author on the Opposition front bench.

Among many of the choice examples of Mr Heffer's one-sidedness is the following:

> The [Labour] movement has not been against legislation that helps the trade unions in their struggle for better conditions. Indeed they press for such legislation. But it has always rejected legislation designed to hinder those struggles. The law has been used extensively against the unions over the years. They have had to ward off assault after assault. . . . From now on, it is clear, the principal aim of the whole movement will be the removal of the existing laws and the return to the voluntary system, on a higher and better plane.

To this end, the Parliamentary Labour Party, which Mr Heffer claims has come close to selling its working-class birthright, must be the parliamentary agent of the trade unions. He wants the party to be increasingly a redistributor of wealth, and the next Labour Government must have greater control over investment, with more public ownership: "The building of a classless society can only be achieved if we accept that fundamental class relationships in our existing society can be changed. The bastions of privilege must be our prime target."

When Conservatives make the bastions of privilege their prime target, of course, they aim at trade union monopoly power. If this is class war, whether Mr Heffer or the Tories wage it, nothing is more certain than that there will be no victors. Miss Tomison's study of the rise of working-class power during the past 200 years furnishes reminders enough of the injustices that made trade unions necessary, and even Mr Heffer would not dissent from her main conclusion that "legislation alone cannot produce industrial peace".

The trouble is that no Government, Labour or Conservative, can allow the economy to plunge to ruin while it waits for the trade union movement to agree to apply to itself the strictures of analysis that it never hesitates to apply to everybody else.

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COLLINS

The brand-new Left

MICHAEL BARRATT BROWN:

From Labourism to Socialism
The Political Economy of Labour in the 1970s.

[illegible]pp. £3.25.

KEN COATES (Editor):

Essays on Socialist Humanism

[illegible]pp. £2.50.

Nottingham: Spokesman Books.

Michael Barratt Brown and Ken Coates are two intellectuals on the [Le]ft who, since the collapse of the New Left as a coherent political movement, have shown really remarkable political stamina—Mr Barratt Brown because he continues to take seriously, even though he revises it in application, the political economy of Karl Marx, and Mr Coates because he brings to his socialism a brooding and distinctive intelligence which is at the same time deeply rooted in working-class membership and saturated with humanism.

From Labourism to Socialism is somewhat misleading and old-fashioned title. It was the sort of title which was used in the 1950s when Ralph Miliband wrote, perhaps a little hopelessly, in *New Left Review* of the need for a policy geared to the idea of a transition to [the] transition. But *this* is a period in which the Butskellite consensus has manifestly broken down, and in which the Conservative government appears to its friends to be making a [illegible]ditch but necessary stand against inflation and to its enemies a desperate attempt to smash the working class and to prepare the way for more authoritarian direction of the economy. The problem is that, whereas everyone can see that confrontation is inevitable, no one seems [abl]e for sure to write the correct scenario for what will follow. For [this] reason alone many who have never done much thinking about Marxism or the "Political Economy of Labour" (as well as, of course, the faithful) would do well to see what so well-schooled a Marxist as Mr Barratt Brown has to say about our present conjuncture.

The most important things which he has to say are about the new factors in the world economy which have emerged in the past five years, and these are of such import that even orthodox conservatives not hopelessly wedded to economic dogmas have to think afresh. We are, for instance, "at the beginning of a second industrial revolution which is as likely to be as labour-saving in its effects as the first industrial revolution based upon steam-powered manufacturing"; "the chief capital-accumulating institution in the whole capitalist world is now the giant transnational company"; the world monetary system set up in 1945 is in ruins, as national economic policies cut across those of the multi-national corporation; and the managed economy and the welfare state have been pushed to their limits, so that it is now possible for the socialist movement to start creating the germ of a new society in the womb of the old.

On the question of how to cope with the crisis, Mr Barratt Brown suggests two alternative lines of thought which might be deduced from the political economy of labour. One is that "since reforms will from now on be most fiercely resisted there is no point in proposing them or considering reformist political activity on the part of Labour's representatives", and "consideration should now be given to totally different systems of political economy in which production is engaged for use and not for money". The other "would suggest that reforms can still be pressed for, and even achieved, up to some limit which will only become clear to people in the process of pressing", even though in the long run "expropriation of the giant companies and the capture of the state apparatus" will be required. The second alternative is the one Mr Barratt Brown chooses and he sees the vehicle for its achievement as a Labour Party democratized à la Wedgwood Benn so that it is sensitive to workers' pressure à la Jimmy Reid. The case is well argued here, and will at least provide a starting-point for ex-socialist sceptics and nihilists who have been forced into the unhappy position of holding that since economic crisis means Enoch Powell, absolute caution must be the watchword in every industrial as in every political action so that that crisis is not provoked.

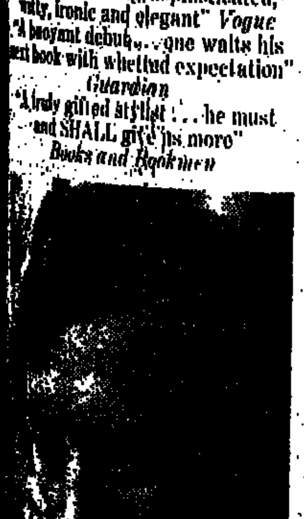
Socialism must discuss the questions which Mr Barratt Brown raises, but it must also try to clarify its own utopias. How important then, and even more so after the analyses of political strategies of a realist kind which Mr Barratt Brown presents, that the publishers should have brought out a volume to honour the centenary of Bertrand Russell's birth and to explore the relationship between Russell's liberalism, libertarianism and pacifism and recent trends in the socialist movement. Great riches of social and political philosophy are to be found here, and that is not surprising. After all, the international peace movement began its existence along with the International Working Men's Association, and many of the richest veins of socialist thought have emerged from their interrelation. In establishing a relationship with younger men like Ken Coates, Russell may have appeared to some of his class and academic peers to have gone off his head. To anyone less philistine, he was only being true to the tradition from which he came.

The fairly thin *direct* connexion between Russell and the working-class movement is explored in the first essay of this volume by Charles Atkinson and John Hughes. It shows how his humanism led him to be pretty negative about Labour or Communist politicians and enthusiastic about workers' control. But this essay only points the way to a very rewarding volume in which Noam Chomsky writes on the anarchist tradition, V. G. Kiernan on Gramsci, Vladimir Dedijer and Jean-Paul Sartre on heresy, and a whole range of other writers combine to produce a well-knit series of essays. There are many different emphases here, but one which combines individualism and socialism in a splendid synthesis is that of Lelio Basso, who writes:

> A true human emancipation will be attained only when men have found not outside themselves but *within* themselves, a new equilibrium, a new harmony, between the specific individual aspect which capitalism has, at the same time, elevated and cast down, and the social aspect, gigantically developed in the forces of production, yet suffocated in man himself; when they shall feel anew, and in so feeling bring into being the reality, that liberty lies not only in the defence of a private sphere of autonomy, but also living participation in a collective life, and that the collectivity is not a sum of abstract individuals, personified in the state, but in the ensemble of those reciprocal relations which have a living existence within us.

Maybe Bassio's starting-point here is to be found in Marx's *Critique of the Hegelian Philosophy of Right*. But the idea is probably not far from Russell's own personal ideal.

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Mosley, man of ideas

ROBERT BENEWICK:

The Fascist Movement in Britain

340pp. Allen Lane. Paperback, £1.60.

Judged by the standards of Hitler or even Mussolini, Sir Oswald Mosley's Fascism was a feeble joke. With few exceptions, his followers were drawn from the inadequate and pathetic victims of inferiority complexes, with a sprinkling of sadistic bullies. A few high-minded young offshoots of the intelligentsia and the upper classes joined him in the early days, just as their counterparts in Germany joined Hitler, but those with any sense had soon had enough. It is almost certain that the British Union of Fascists would have withered away to extinction within a few years even if the Second World War had not broken out.

Yet two puzzles remain at the end of the undignified story. One is that the movement should have posed a genuine threat to constitutional government for a few years in the 1930s. The other is that a man of such undoubted brilliance as Mosley—the only man of our time of whom it was often said that he might have been either a Conservative or a Labour Prime Minister—should have wasted his talents on such a worthless cause.

Robert Benewick's absorbing account, *The Fascist Movement in Britain* (first published in 1969 as *Political Violence and Public Order*), goes some way towards answering the first question, but leaves the second still mysterious. Britain suffered in a mild form the same troubles as Germany in the decade after the First World War, but the chief symptom in Britain was unemployment rather than inflation. Mosley started his independent career by offering a cure for unemployment which was endorsed by Keynes and has since become orthodox. Only when his cure was rejected did he abandon constitutional politics for rabble-rousing, paramilitary violence, and an alien ideology. Meanwhile the disease began to cure itself, and Mosley's theories began to seem increasingly irrelevant (which they were not) and his activities increasingly repugnant (which they were).

As Dr Benewick points out, the symptoms of the Depression were less acute in Britain than on the Continent because the postwar boom had been less inflated. Characteristically, the whole cycle took place on a muted scale in this country, so that the apocalyptic ranting of the Fascists became ridiculous. Nevertheless, until the Public Order Act was passed in 1936, there was a distinct possibility of a breakdown of law and order.

Dr Benewick traces the rise and fall of the movement in great detail, almost week by week, through the troubled decade. It would be difficult to squeeze any more juice out of the dry paragraphs of the national and provincial press, the obscure pamphlets, the police records and Hansard. His story is none the less dramatic for the fact that the climax never came: it ended not with a bang but a whimper. The reader, of course, already knows this; but if he was old enough, he knew it would be so at the time. What remains extraordinary is that Mosley ever believed that his hour of destiny was about to strike.

So far as it goes, Dr Benewick's evidence suggests that he believed it only for a short time. For the rest, he was floundering in an absurd situation from which he could see no way out. A careful study of his pronouncements, beginning with his first entry into Parliament in 1918 and ending with his internment in 1940, shows him to have been consistently erratic and often unable to justify or even to remember what he had said a few years before. His retrospective contention that he was never anti-Jewish, for example, is emphatically refuted by the record. Yet it is also true that even in the early 1930s neither the Jews themselves nor the hard core of antisemites regarded him as a racialist. There are also some striking quotations from the 1920s which show him to have been at that time outspokenly hostile to Mussolini's Fascism.

The fact is that Mosley was a jackdaw for ideas, some good and ahead of their time, some crazy, but almost all out of tune with the British way of life, and in many cases mutually inconsistent. Dr Benewick is painstakingly fair to him. He acquits him of opportunism, he pays tribute to the discipline imposed on the Blackshirts, he disposes of the legend that the Fascists received any substantial funds from abroad, and he denies that Mosley deliberately sought to provoke violence. He is also judiciously critical of Mosley's antagonists, particularly the Communist Party, but also the National Council for Civil Liberties. The police are criticized, less justly it would seem, for their handling of Mosley's meetings, but not for open partisanship towards either Fascists or anti-Fascists.

But these judgments are incidental to the main purpose of the book, which is to set out a clear, chronological narrative of exactly what happened. Dr Benewick sums it up as consisting of three phases: from 1931 to 1934, the "constructive phase", when the substance of the programme was as important as propaganda; from 1934 to 1937, when the Fascists were preoccupied with antisemitism and theories of conspiracy; and from 1937 to 1940, when foreign policy was the main theme, particularly the importance of avoiding war with Germany. This well-articulated summary shows clearly how Mosley's fertile but erratic mind was drifting more and more out of the mainstream of British public opinion.

The book also contains an admirable collection of brief portraits of Mosley's adherents. A few of them are noteworthy in their own right, such as John Strachey and Harold Nicolson (in the pre-Fascist days), and John Beckett and William Joyce later on. Very few indeed of any significance stayed with him from first to last, and he can scarcely have relished the company of those that did. Dr Benewick has shown great diligence in ferreting out their obscure biographies, though it is a pity that he has not taken the opportunity of a new edition to correct one or two errors which were pointed out when the original edition was published four years ago. However, the fact that it is almost impossible to recall any name except Mosley's without a deliberate effort goes a long way to justify Dr Benewick's cheerful conclusion that "the effect of Fascism on British institutions and beliefs was negligible".

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High priest of nudity-kitsch

JANOS FRECOT, JOHANN F. GEIST and DIETHART KERBS:

Fidus 1868-1948
Zur ästhetischen Praxis bürgerlicher Fluchtbewegungen.

493pp. Munich: Rogner und Bernhard. DM 38.

HEINRICH WIEGAND PETZET:

Von Worpswede nach Moskau: Heinrich Vogeler

252pp including 97 plates. Cologne: DuMont. DM 19.80.

DAVID ERLAY:

Worpswede-Bremen-Moskau
Der Weg des Heinrich Vogeler.

239pp. Bremen: Schünemann. DM 14.

History of art, as an academic subject, is going through a crisis in Germany. The young are losing confidence in the old and at congresses say so in no uncertain terms. Most of them are Marxists and—an ironic touch—more fervent Marxists than their colleagues in East Germany. The catchphrase of the young in the West is *Ideologiekritik*. What it means is this: art historians of the old school preach objectivity but are in fact the slaves of an ideology which they refuse to acknowledge. That the young are slaves of their own ideology goes without saying. What the old might reply is that even if objectivity is unattainable one ought still to work *als ob*—i e, as if it could be achieved. One ought to keep up the effort, and this the young refuse to do. The result is that the young do their thing badly, and are unaware that what they want to do has been done to perfection by Aby Warburg in his papers on Florentine social history and Florentine *Quattrocento* art. Warburg time and again succeeded in merging the two, where the young either leave two lumps which don't mix, or neglect the history of form and replace it by social history, or, by easy generalizations, force social history into a preconceived pattern.

Fidus illustrates fault number one. The three authors call themselves a "*Kollektiv*", and the subtitle of the book is "on the aesthetic practice of bourgeois efforts at escape". The subject, one speculates, lends itself to such treatment. Fidus (Hugo Höppener) was born in 1868 and died in 1948. He was the high priest of nudity-kitsch, and his drawings, lithographs and paintings were immensely popular right up to the Nazi era. Fidus, as a pupil of Karl Wilhelm Diefenbach (1851-1913), got into *Nacktkultur* early, and the greatest merit of the book is the first chapter, where all those movements with which the naturists could join hands—from the constructive to the ridiculous—are described. Nature cures, cold-water cures (Priesnitz, Kneipp), *Bodenreform* (the soil ought to be common), back to the land, vegetarianism, Mazdaznan (Johannes Itten of the early Bauhaus years was a practitioner), theosophy and then anthropology, the youth movement, Wagnerolatry, and so to the serious *völkisch* groups and to antisemitism: Fidus was in touch with most of these and illustrated their books or drew their title-pages.

To move from the first chapter to the others and to the plates is something of an anticlimax—for two reasons. First, the text is not ideologically orientated: it is an excessively detailed conventional biography. The various men, youths and women in Fidus's life come and go; the biographical part, called for some reason a "montage", takes up about 150 of the 400 pages. It is followed by nearly ninety pages of tables, in chronological sequence, listing products of fine art, illustration, propaganda, publishing and reception. Secondly, the plates are painfully repetitive, and the texts that go with them—especially that on the "Lichtgebet"—are as detailed as if one were dealing with, say, Munch.

The "Lichtgebet", the prayer to light, was Fidus's most popular piece. The *Kollektiv* counts eleven versions. As one follows them on the tabulated pages, one sees graphically the long-stretched collapse of Fidus's art. The "montage" shows how he finds less and less time for what one may hesitatingly call his "art", because he places propaganda and publishing in its stead. This was made easier by his popular success, which called for reproductions of all sizes and prices, and also by the fact that his art remained stationary. "On the Cliff" (1891) is not materially different from all the later nude couples. Teenagers on the cliff, slim youthful bodies, over-emphatically chaste—and attractive to the young because their sensual appeal was ideologically so well disguised. *Die Schönheit*, the chief naturists' paper, was sold under the counter, and the boys of sixteen who bought the back-numbers, when they had the money, knew well that the ideal of nudity preached by Fidus and others was not all that ideal. It is rewarding to read Fidus on the "sunny Aryan" couple, his pubic hair and her "leicht überflorter Schoss", and the waves of scent emanating from their bodies. It is all so false. It comes as little surprise that in 1941 Fidus did a head of the Führer, and in 1945 those of Stalin and Lenin for Russian occupation forces, and that in 1946 he voted CDU.

Fidus did not deserve such a weighty book. The foreword is an attempted justification: "The history of his life is a crossing of manifold social streams documenting the state of consciousness of large parts of the German *petite bourgeoisie* between the Empire and the Hitler era." This is true, but the book is not written to bring that out, though it turns up every so often. After such programmatic statements, the foreword continues: "At the same time as this book, studies have been published in Germany about an artist who in many ways was Fidus's antipode: Heinrich Vogeler." And then the *Kollektiv* points out that Fidus floundered "not because the counter forces were overpowering, but because of his psychological, social and political conditions" from which—as Vogeler proves—one could emancipate oneself.

The two books to which the *Kollektiv* refers have almost the same title. Both are paperbacks and the prices don't differ much. If only one can be bought there can be no question which it should be: David Erlay's has no illustrations, Heinrich Wiegand Petzet's has nearly a hundred. Also, Erlay has no chapter-divisions, no proper references, no index and no table of dates.

The Worpswede circle was formed about the early 1890s. The best-known founders were Fritz Mackensen and Otto Modersohn. Others are Carl Vinnen and Fritz Overbeck. They painted earthy landscapes and the peasants of the Worpswede neighbourhood. They had some success, but they would have remained a provincial group but for two events. In 1901 Rilke married a pupil of Mackensen and in 1903 he wrote a book on the group. Also, in 1887 Paula Becker settled in Worpswede; in 1901 she married Modersohn, and between that year and her death in 1907 she painted in a robust expressionist idiom in the Worpswede tradition, and with additional inspiration from Cézanne and Gauguin whose work she had encountered in Paris.

From the beginning Vogeler did not fit in. Initially he was inspired by Morris and, even more, Beardsley, and, being convinced of English superiority, turned towards the Arts and Crafts movement as well. There are pieces of furniture, porcelain and cutlery by him which deserve to be remembered. The ornament of the cupboard of 1898 (illustrated by Petzet) is closely dependent on Mackmurdo. Vogeler kept up this exacting style and task for only a few years, after which he went soft and pretty. Pages of 1899 are already more realistic and less tense, though a page of 1910, incongruously dedicated to Hodler, is still, even technically, in the Beardsley succession. As early as 1910 he could write "I am totally forgotten", and Rilke observed that Vogeler was "stehengeblieben". It may well be that Vogeler's next move, entirely unexpected, was pure self-advertisement. Whatever the case, in 1918-20 Vogeler reappeared as an adherent of the jagged Expressionism of the Brücke, the last works of Marc, the Italian Futurists and the first Bauhaus manifesto (by Feininger).

Vogeler's violent change of style is parallelled by his conversion to communism. These were years when German artists and architects founded their own soviet and believed in the Russian—and German—Revolution. On Vogeler's active communist phase Erlay tells much more than Petzet. He makes use of government papers and newspaper articles. But the most poignant quotations are those from the correspondence with the manufacturer Ludwig Roselius of Bremen, an art-collector, who made Kaffee Hag and in 1926-31 built the Expressionist Böttgerstrasse. Roselius was a [...] friend and a cruelly outspoken critic of Vogeler's own private commune and *Arbeitsschule* into which he had converted the Barkenhoff, his comfortable Worpswede house. It is this commune, later run by the Rote Hilfe as a home for children of revolutionaries killed or jailed, which the Bremen authorities, the police and old Mackensen hated [...] much.

Roselius admired Vogeler [...] but never stopped telling him [...] the commune would not have been viable for more than a few [...] if it had not been for the donations of capitalists such as himself. [...] stopped his donations at [...] moments to convince Vogeler [...] the Barkenhoff was a fool's paradise. For the children's home, when it was taken over, Vogeler painted a [...] of wall-paintings in his Expressionist style of these years, of [...] communist, anti-capitalist [...]. The government insisted on [...] destruction, and it is well worth recording that among those who protested were Hermann [...], Thomas Mann and Hans Zucker[...]. The paintings were saved, only [...] obliterated by the Nazis in [...]. Erlay describes the story with [...]ing, and he is equally fervent [...] detailed on Vogeler's last [...] years, making use of an East German doctoral thesis (by Hans Lie[...]). Although most of the early Communist sympathizers with communism [...] left it behind, Vogeler in 1923 married a Russian woman, [...] Russia in 1923-24, again in 19[...] and settled there in 1931. He [...] not warned that the Russia he [...] even on his first journey, was [...] Russia of NEP and that for Expressionists there was no future [...]. It is true that exhibitions of [...] art were held and that he [...] given work first in research on [...] standardization of building components, then for the theatre, including a puppet theatre. He also [...] a little. But when Hitler attacked Russia in 1941 he was deported somewhere north of the Ca[spian] Sea where he had to work [...] farmer. He was nearly seventy [...] could not keep it up: he died [in] 1942.

It is a sad story; it may even [be] called a tragedy. Nobody could [call] Fidus's last twenty years a tragedy. True, neither Vogeler nor Fidus [was] a great artist. But Vogeler in [the] wake of Beardsley and Vogeler [in] the wake of Expressionism must [be] taken seriously. Fidus is [...] from the start and sure [...] developed from painter into [entre]preneur. Still the Fidus story is [un]doubtedly worth knowing, too.

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Time becomes space

JOHN GOLDING:

Boccioni's Unique Forms of Continuity in Space

32pp. University of Newcastle upon Tyne. Paperback, £1.

This is the published text of the 54th Charlton Lecture, delivered at Newcastle University by John Golding in February 1972. The subject is a single work of art: Boccioni's bronze sculpture of a walking figure, entitled "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space" (1913). This is not only one of Boccioni's most successful achievements but artistically his major work, as well as being probably the greatest single work of art produced by the Futurist movement.

Dr Golding methodically traces the evolution of Boccioni's thinking and artistic experiments between 1909 and 1913, discusses his reactions to his discovery of the ideas of Bergson, Nietzsche and Marinetti, and then shows the effect on his vision of seeing original Cubist works in Paris in the autumn of 1911 and the spring of 1912. He then turns to the conceptions which Boccioni formulated in April 1912 in that "disciplined and incisive document", the "Technical Manifesto of Futurist Sculpture", and comments perceptively that—"summing up the scene around him with an eye that was quick and competitive"—Boccioni made up his mind to put them quickly into practice in order to "make his mark" before anyone in Paris embarked on modernist sculptural experiments.

Aided by Bragaglia's chronophotographs of figures in motion, by a long series of preliminary study drawings and by several false starts of his own, Boccioni finally arrived through modelling at the "totally successful" solution of "Unique Forms" in the early months of 1913. Dr Golding invokes as further elements which contributed to its stylistic conception Rodin's "Walking Man", which was publicly shown in Rome in 1912, and Duchamp-Villon's "Torso of a Young Man" (1910); but he overlooks Marcel Duchamp's "Nude Descending a Staircase" (early 1912), which Boccioni knew, in his haste to invoke the contribution of "an indigenous Italian and ultimately classicizing tradition". He refers specifically and self-evidently to the "Victory of Samothrace", one of those products of antiquity "originally despised" by the Futurists.

This has all been said before, but Dr Golding is not interested in pursuing the idea of Futurism short-circuiting itself at the moment of its fullest expansion into a counter-modernist revisionism. Instead he brings his panegyric to a brusque halt and, with some bitterness, insists that the progressive and original blend of avant-gardism with (ultimately) classicism made of Boccioni's "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space" a revolutionary work which [carried] within it the seeds of reaction". This is not the case. Dr Golding in fact acc[uses] Boccioni's sculpture of pointing [to]wards "the sources of official [Fas]cist imagery" to come, and [specu]lates that, if he had not been [killed] during the war, Boccioni might have ended up a member of the Fa[scist] Academy seated beside Marinetti. Dr Golding apparently forgets the heroically-sized, revolutionary workers striding briskly forwards [to] some unknown but glorious future, their faces aglow with health, abeam with smiles, as they brandish aloft the tools of their trade, [whose] sculptured forms enliven the parks and public squares throughout the Soviet Union. Does their conception owe just as much to Boccioni's original? It is [some]times almost too easy when writing about modern Italian art to adopt a narrow point of view and forget the rest.

However, Dr Golding's essay in interpretation obliges every intelligent reader to ask himself one pertinent question. Has any other modern sculptor produced any work as imaginative and revolutionary in conception, as powerful in handling, as satisfying aesthetically and yet as widely influential as Boccioni's "Unique Forms of Continuity in Space"? When a balanced and dispassionate study of twentieth-century sculpture comes to be written, Boccioni's masterpiece will surely emerge as one of the major innovatory and meaningful accomplishments during our culturally impoverished epoch.

Now read the book

[CUTH]BERT GIRDLESTONE:

La Tragédie en Musique (1673-1750) considérée comme genre littéraire.

[...]pp. Geneva: Droz. 70 Sw fr.

To choose to read the libretto of, say, *Trovatore* or *Faust* purely as literature would be regarded as an eccentricity, if not a downright aberration, of taste; but in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the texts of the operas of Lully and his successors were widely read for literary satisfaction. Indeed, a work was commonly known by the name of its author rather than of its composer—and Voltaire placed the author of *Armide* and *Atys* in the front rank of writers for the stage. Nor was the libretto merely serving to recall the pleasure derived from the accompanying music (characteristically described by Rémond de Saint-Mard as "l'esclave de la poésie"), since many of the [...]nes so avidly read contained [...]ts which had barely been seen on the stage.

Cuthbert Girdlestone therefore has historically justifiable grounds for isolating this one of the three components of the Lullian *tragédie lyrique* (which derived from the *ballet de cour*)—words, music and dance; and he subjects it to a study which is both immensely thorough and brilliantly perceptive. His study covers the three-quarters of a century from the conscious beginning of the genre, with the Quinault-Lully *Cadmus et Hermione* of 1673, to just after the Cahusac-Rameau *Zoroastre*, and some hundred works are closely examined, with copious quotation.

Quinault's eleven *tragédies* established both a standard and a pattern for the form, which though based on subjects from mythology (and, later, chivalry) differed from classic French tragedy in some important particulars. Virtually all the action took place on stage; the course of the plot was frequently affected by the intervention of gods or the application of magic; there were several changes of scene (often set in the open air), but little sense of unity of place or time; the persons were types rather than fully rounded characters (though here, of course, the music was to add an extra dimension) and were, with few exceptions, young and mainly affected by love or the jealousy, vengeance or hate arising from it; and the writing was far more economical (and by no means an "endless carpet of inexorable alexandrines").

Compression was essential, since quite apart from the slowing-down of pace inseparable from musical setting, a good third of the action was often given over to *divertissements* (which however were not always dramatically irrelevant). Aphorisms were common, e g, "L'hymen vient quand on l'appelle, L'amour vient quand il lui plait" or "Heureux deux amants inconstants Quand ils le sont en même temps". In view of our present-day concern with the intelligibility of opera texts (championed for instance by Britten), it is interesting to observe the same preoccupation in the seventeenth century: listeners had no wish, as Professor Girdlestone puts it, "to be engulfed by the words in an ocean of sonority". "Entendre l'opéra sans comprendre les mots, c'est regarder danser sans entendre les violons", wrote one critic, and Perrault warned against the adoption of too rarefied a style or vocabulary, since "la voix mange toujours une partie de ce qu'elle chante".

After Louis XIV's marriage to Mme de Maintenon he withdrew his interest from opera, which increasingly became a "bourgeois spectacle" attacked by moralists (in 1691 the Sorbonne declared operas far more dangerous than plays). Yet in fact, as Professor Girdlestone points out, most of Quinault's heroes who are amorous regret their thraldom, and those who are not fear it; what is more, despite so much rivalry in love there is no adultery among the humans (for example, to admit of Hercules's passion for Alceste, she and Admète are not yet married).

As the audience changed, so too did the choice and nature of subjects: legend or pseudo-history gradually replaced Greek mythology, supernatural interventions became fewer, and more "realism" marked the action. Quinault was followed by lesser librettists—lesser but not inconsiderable: Thomas Corneille, whose *Médée* (for Marc-Antoine Charpentier) was ranked with the best works of his predecessor; Boursault, whose *Méléagre* has what amounts to two prologues; La Motte-Houdar, who tackled (not very successfully) a subject from fifteenth-century Turkish history; Danchet, who wrote only for Campra (unfortunately since, particularly in *Camille*, he was pulling in a different direction) and much of whose *Idoménée* was translated literally by the Abbé Varesco for Mozart's opera; and Pierre-Charles Roy, perhaps the most interesting of the eighteenth-century French librettists (and the only one not to write for the Comédie Française), whose *Philomèle* represents the irruption of the theatre of cruelty.

The work of all these, and of many others, is studied in considerable detail, but such is Professor Girdlestone's insight and the lucidity of his thought and language that one's interest is held throughout: his book is a model of readable scholarship. It is a significant reflection on the self-sufficiency of opera texts however that, though Pellegrin's *Hippolyte et Aricie* was banal and la Bruère's *Dardanus* "the most inept *tragédie* since 1673", both should have been transformed by Rameau's music into near-masterpieces; and it is a saddening thought that all the king's horses and all the King's men—and even the BBC, which has recently let us hear *Dardanus*, *Hippolyte et Aricie* and the Quinault-Lully *Alceste*—cannot put the Voltaire-Rameau *Samson* together again.

Organization

FRANCIS ROUTH:

Early English Organ Music from the Middle Ages to 1837

305pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £6.75.

This latest volume in the "Studies in Church Music" series suffers from the same structural defect as its predecessor, Christopher Dearnley's book on *English Church Music 1650-1750* (*TLS*, November 18, 1971). For only about a third of this book is actually about the music itself.

Some sixty pages of *Early English Organ Music* are devoted to lists, with, for instance, the complete indexes of every single volume of keyboard music in the Musica Britannica series reproduced wholesale. A comprehensive catalogue of every piece of keyboard music possibly conceived in terms of the organ is spread throughout the book. The manuscript source or date of first printing of each piece is painstakingly detailed, as is its availability in modern editions. There are brief biographical notes on nearly every English composer (not excluding the occasional Scotsman, Irishman, and even Handel) who wrote anything for the organ during the period from the early sixteenth century up to 1837. Most of these facts are readily available elsewhere. Some of the music catalogued by Mr Routh is meant for stringed keyboard instruments—the harpsichord in the case of Bull or Tomkins, the fortepiano in the case of Mr Routh's hero, Samuel Wesley.

Mr Routh fails to supply the location of the many printed sources of organ music which have never become available in modern editions. It is tantalizing to be told that "far the most remarkable work of the immediate post-Handel period was that of an otherwise unknown and obscure organist, John Bennett". But why are no music examples quoted to show us something of his "expressive use of the full range of the keyboard, his genuine contrapuntal ability, his mastery of chromaticism"? All we have to guide us is a reference to the possible date of publication of this composer's voluntaries in Mr Routh's list—1758. To discover the whereabouts of a copy of this music for most people means a trip to their public library to consult the *British Union-Catalogue of Early Music*. But Mr Routh's bibliography never hints at the existence of the catalogue. To test the validity of Mr Routh's opinion of this particular composer is obviously going to be a costly business—and few libraries these days lend out eighteenth-century books.

It may well be that this opinion of Bennett may turn out to be rather inflated, if one may judge by the fact that Mr Routh devotes thirty-six pages to the life and keyboard works of Samuel Wesley, which is thirty-two pages more than he gives Orlando Gibbons—although, to be fair, they each get four music examples. Much of what is said about Wesley's music is in the tradition of unreadable organ-recital programme-notes, and the epithet "great" is bandied carelessly about.

Mr Routh was obviously pretty bored by the eighteenth-century voluntary and kept looking for prefigurations of Samuel Wesley. He believes he has found them in the music of John Keeble and William Russell. According to Mr Routh, 1837 was a highly significant year—Samuel Wesley died in it. And with him died the glorious tradition of early English organ music of which Wesley's works are said by Mr Routh to be the consummation.

It is unfortunate that Mr Routh does not include organ concertos. In a "study in church music" it obviously has no place—but then strictly speaking neither does a great deal of the music which is included. Even some of the music which one assumes to be liturgical was probably intended for domestic use. Thomas Tallis's workings of the "Felix namque" plainsong, for instance, are on far too large a scale ever to have been intended as anything but recreational exercises (probably for harpsichord). These pieces are dated 1562-64 in the *Fitzwilliam Virginal Book*, but Mr Routh includes them in his pre-1558 list. A particular category of organ piece—the concerto for organ alone (there are some good examples by Matthew Camidge) does not even get a mention. There is rather more Handel suitable for the organ than Mr Routh mentions, as a glance at Craig Bell's new *Handel Thematic Catalogue* confirms.

The dozen pages devoted to the later seventeenth century remind us that in many ways much of the keyboard music of that age remains terra incognita. One wonders just what influence a visitor like Froberger had in the 1650s. Certainly the music of the aged Tomkins from those same years is normally thought of as archaic, but it has a good deal in common texturally with Froberger and as Mr Routh points out, anticipates in several ways the later style of Purcell.

This book would appear to be aimed primarily at amateur organists and fourth-form examinees, and one hopes that it may inspire them to explore this repertoire for themselves. A discography might have helped them towards a more immediate aural education.

Early Music, a new quarterly journal the first number of which has just appeared (Edited by J. M. Thomson. Oxford University Press. 50p) aims to provide a link between scholarly research and the performer, with guidance on techniques, interpretation and instruments. Musicology has in fact existed for too long in abstract academicism, and there has been far too little rapport between scholar and performer. Admittedly few great scholars have been great performers, and although modern musicology has made a considerable impact on the style of present-day performances there is still considerable resistance to its practical implications. Let us hope that *Early Music* will help to correct this.

It is obvious from the magazine's "Register of Early Music" that there is a tremendous amateur interest in, particularly, the reconstruction and playing of instruments of all kinds and all periods, from rebecs and rauschpfeif to gemshorn and hurdy-gurdy. Carl Dolmetsch, Thurston Dart and Robert Donington have all written guides to the performance and interpretation of early music, and it is good to find a new journal aiming to carry on their work, bringing it to the attention of a growing audience.

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Chatto & Windus

Dark thoughts on the Dark Lady

LESLIE A. FIEDLER:
The Stranger in Shakespeare
263pp. Croom Helm. £3.75.

R. J. C. WAIT:
The Background to Shakespeare's Sonnets
221pp. Chatto and Windus. £2.75

If indeed Shakespeare unlocked his heart in the Sonnets, as both these books assume, the key must have been very carefully concealed, or else, like Prospero's staff, buried irretrievably. To Leslie Fiedler, they are "the very scriptures, the holy text" of Shakespeare's anti-feminism, of his deep-rooted suspicion that every woman is in essence a witch and a whore, "a swarthy hag in disguise". R. J. C. Wait, on the other hand, devotes little attention to those sonnets that relate, in his *prim* phrase, "to a lady of dark complexion", but he unravels from the rest of the sequence what he believes to be the cryptic record of Shakespeare's relationship with the Earl of Southampton. The reader of either book, like Antipholus of Syracuse clinging to a precarious sanity, may be prepared "to entertain the offered fallacy", but not for long.

Professor Fiedler sees in Shakespeare's attitude to women evidence for his main thesis that "men of a particular culture seem impelled to invent myths whenever they encounter strangers on the borders of their world, that is to say, whenever they are forced to confront creatures disturbingly like themselves in certain respects, who yet do not quite fit (or worse, seem to have rejected) their definition of what it means to be human". The plays (at least, those discussed here) seem to be full of dark ladies and unfilial daughters, projections therefore of patriarchal prejudice and fantasy. And this bias against the female, as the argument goes, is related to the racist fears and hatreds that underlie Shakespeare's conception of the Jew in Shylock, of the black man in Aaron, the Prince of Morocco and Othello, and of the American Indian represented by Caliban. Professor Fiedler, in other words, has discovered that Shakespeare, as the supreme expression of his culture, is both a WASP and an MCP.

No doubt this brings up to date, and puts in American terms, the sense of grievance that many a Frenchman, Welshman and Scot, schoolmaster, papal legate and temperance worker must have felt against Shakespeare. After all, it was Thomas Rymer, admired by Professor Fiedler as "the father of all anticultist Shakespearean criticism", who accused Shakespeare of maligning the profession of soldier by creating the dishonest Iago. So far as the woman question is concerned, the list here is highly selective, and one example could be swapped for another. For instance, it is difficult to understand how the Dark Lady can represent the mythical woman when she is also so obviously a demythologizing of the stereotype mistress of sonnet convention; the heroines of the comedies are models of constancy and emancipated intelligence compared with their male counterparts, while *King Lear* at least would suggest that Shakespeare was as critical of fathers as of daughters, not to mention the parallel interest of that play in good and bad sons. But there is a more fundamental objection to Professor Fiedler's persistent disregard of the dramatic context, a device which allows him to pretend that any point of view expressed is Shakespeare's own: thus, the comical extravagance of Posthumus's tirade against women is called "chillingly genocidal", and Iago's remark about "super-subtle" Venetians is taken up as though any audience would accept its application to Desdemona. The difficulty of conceding that even the most notorious villains and comic butts are given their comeback is neatly side-stepped by references to Shakespeare's "bad conscience", where it is really more a matter of dramatic objectivity than of cultural guilt. It says little for Professor Fiedler's own critical conscience that he indulges in a string of false generalities: slaves are not "attached in Shakespeare's mind specifically to blacks", since, for instance Hamlet calls himself a "rogue and peasant slave", and the poet in Sonnet 57 presents himself to the friend, "Being thy slave"; the opprobrium of "dog" is not reserved for Jews, since it belongs as much to Richard III and to the Roman mob as to Shylock: and Caliban is not "the first non-white rapist", but one of a long line of "salvage men" in romance tradition who were in the habit of carrying off highborn maidens. This may have been a mischievously entertaining piece of Bard-baiting in its original lecture-form, but it just won't do in print.

After Professor Fiedler's trendy polemic, there is something quite old-fashioned about Mr Wait's contribution to the pastime of solving the factitious riddle of the Sonnets. His ingenious and elaborate quest for hidden identities, topical allusions, and even anagrammatical significance, has a traditional air about it, and it also falls foul of the usual obstacles. There is, for instance, the problem of turning poetic commonplaces into personal references, which sometimes involves distorting the plain meaning of the text. Thus the "lofty trees" and "Sommers greene" of Sonnet 12 may describe Cowdray Park in 1592, or almost anywhere else in any year; and in Sonnet 21 the reference to "that Muse/Stird by a painted beauty to his verse" may indicate a Rival Poet, but to a reader of Elizabethan sonnets it seems more like a conventional disclaimer of artifice. The line in Sonnet 30 concerning "precious friends hid in deaths dateles night" would not bring immediately to mind Marlowe's death in 1593, even to a contemporary reader, especially when the next line speaks of "loves *long since* canceld woe". Sonnet 40, which begins "Take all my loves, my love, yea take them all" no more invites the supposition that "The young Earl has stolen the poet's mistress" than Sidney's poem, "My true love hath my heart, and I have his", celebrates sixteenth-century mate-swapping; and even though the following sonnet refers to a situation "when a woman woes", there is no suggestion that the poet knows the lady in question, if there was one. If Sonnet 97, "How like a Winter hath my absence beene", *does* refer to the bad weather of spring 1591, it is difficult to reconcile it with the reference in the next sonnet to "proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)". And so on: the cumulative effect, instead of increasing plausibility, intensifies the feeling of the available poetic meaning being tampered with.

There are other inherent weaknesses in Mr Wait's reconstruction. He attempts to substantiate a personal relationship by seeking allusions to public events. He overlooks the fact that the passages in *Venus and Adonis* which are "reminiscent of the 'procreation' theme of Sonnets 1-17" are spoken by a rapacious seductress, herself uncomfortably reminiscent of the Dark Lady. And in an age when literary patronage was notoriously unreliable, compared with the living to be made by writing for the stage, it is most unlikely that Shakespeare would have turned to Southampton or anyone else out of financial need. By 1592, as Greene's attack on him implies, Shakespeare was already a prolific and successful dramatist, and by 1594, when he became a principal member of the Lord Chamberlain's Men, he was indeed virtually "the only Shake-scene in a country", the others, including Greene himself, having died. One thousand pounds from Southampton, if such a princely gift was ever made, would presumably not have come amiss, but it cannot, as Mr Wait supposes, have made much difference to Shakespeare's theatrical fortunes. In fact the chief misrepresentation in this book is its basic claim that the Sonnets were anything more than peripheral to Shakespeare's career. However, we are far from hearing the last about Shakespeare's adventures in high society: such, as Professor Fiedler might say, is man's compulsion to invent myths out of his misunderstandings.

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EARL MINER (Editor):
John Dryden
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The books that one most enjoys reading are usually those that the author wanted—better still, was determined—to write. Today, however, an increasing number of publications have no such happy origin; they spring from a process of artificial insemination. A publisher or an editor dreams up a new series, and then approaches an author, or, as with the two books under review, a batch of authors. Aware what his men have already published, the editor may suggest for each a topic related to his known interests, and then perhaps an author who has said all he wants to say on a given subject has to say it all over again. To expect a new freshness in such circumstances is to expect the impossible, or at least the highly improbable.

The editor of this new volume on Dryden, Earl Miner, gives it a good send-off with his introductory critical chapter "On reading Dryden", although, perhaps inevitably, he occasionally anticipates some of the points made by later contributors. In his later chapter on "Forms and Motives of Narrative Poetry" Professor Miner moves intelligently and at large over Dryden's poems, finding narrative elements not only where we normally expect them, but also in such poems as "Alexander's Feast"; but it is surely an exaggeration to claim that "the *Fables* gradually assumes before us the shape of a highly episodic verse novel". In discussing *The Hind and the Panther* he returns to the vexed question of what Johnson called the "constitutional absurdity" of the beast fable, and suggests that readers who think they feel this absurdity are really objecting to Dryden as an advocate of Catholicism. Such readers, it is true, might still be found in Northern Ireland, but this is surely an inadequate explanation for most readers today. One might say that Dryden chose the outmoded vehicle of the beast fable for the purpose of ridiculing all religious differences (which would not be true); or, more plausibly, one could say that having already written one *Religio Laici* he could not very well go on to write another five years later, and so chose this atavistically unsuitable and defensively indirect way of popularizing his new faith. Dryden undoubtedly had a problem, but we are not bound to admire his solution of it.

In "Dryden and the Classics" William Frost begins by reminding us how thoroughly Dryden's mind was penetrated by classical literature, and then devotes most of his chapter to a particular consideration of how he dealt with Virgil, basing his criticism on an extended comparison of Dryden's translation with that of Gavin Douglas. Michael Wilding deals with Dryden's main satires and tends to find scatological significance everywhere. (Incidentally, he thinks it odd that in translating Juvenal Dryden should retain the word "senator", not an English political title at all", but the word was in frequent use for members of both Houses of Parliament.) John Loftis ("Dryden's Comedies") and Eugene M. Waith ("Dryden and the Tradition of Serious Drama") go over familiar ground; but in less trodden fields Jean H. Hagstrum ("Dryden's Grotesque") and Arthur W. Hoffman ("Dryden's Panegyrics and Lyrics") have some new points to make. For the rest it is very much "as olde stories tellen us".

The volume edited by Peter Dixon begins with a chapter "On reading Pope" by G. S. Rousseau, who seems uncertain whether his job is to be a salesman or a critic, and who finally settles for something he can do much better (and sometimes does very well), an annotated bibliography of Pope studies. Unhampered by false modesty, he frequently alludes to his own works (to which there are about a dozen references in some forty pages), and does not scruple to quote himself on two occasions. Pope's renown, he tells us in one of his salesman moments, is like Horace's, "indelibly cast in bronze, '*monumentum perennius aere*,' and it is accurate to state, as I have elsewhere, that no other poet except Shakespeare ever reaped such rich returns from his literary medium". So pleased is he with this pregnant utterance that it reappears again seven pages later, where the inquiring reader is directed to "G. S. Rousseau, intro. to *The Rape of the Lock*, New Jersey 1969, 4". His occasional insensitivity to his own literary medium hardly gives one confidence in the value of his response to the poet he praises: Pope is "an astute and high calibred wordsmith", his letters are said to be "more personable" than those of his contemporaries, his development, "unlike Keats', was monumental", and he showed "considerable obeisance to eighteenth-century [metrical] theory".

Professor Rousseau has a good deal to say about the bad old days before Pope was properly appreciated (Lytton Strachey's monkey pouring down burning oil on his victims makes a ritual reappearance), and among Pope's biographers he cites, with disapproval, Edith Sitwell for her "highly biassed account". Coming from Professor Rousseau, this is distinctly odd; for his own opening pages, with their stress on Pope's "mental anguish", his "anguish and suffering", and "the conflicts for fifty-six years of a deformed cripple", have the same kind of sentimentalizing appeal, and the same misleading implications that he presumably objects to in Edith Sitwell's book.

The rest of this volume proceeds on a more even keel. Pat Rogers sets Pope in the social scene of the early eighteenth century and comments on the range of his friendships and social contacts, and John M. Aden relates him to contemporary politics. (In saying that "Cobham was the first soldier to have [illegible] all [illegible] poet" Dr [illegible] has [illegible] Howard Erskine-Hill relates Pope (but not quite closely enough) to the financial scandals of the South Sea crisis; this chapter is mainly devoted to an interesting investigation of the career of Sir John Blunt, that over-sanguine manipulator of Exchange Alley who became a scapegoat for the sins of others, including Sunderland. (Mr Erskine-Hill calls him "Duke", but he appears correctly in the index as Earl.)

In "Pope, God, and Man" A. R. Humphreys examines Pope's philosophical and theological ideas, dealing with his favourite doctrine of the balance of opposites. Professor Humphreys remarks astutely that if, as Pope suggests, God has arranged things that man's weaknesses are a means to some good, this should lead to a sort of deterministic resignation, and for Pope, or anyone else, it would be "pointless, indeed impious, to chastise deviations". But here we come upon a conflict between Pope the moralist, and Pope the artist delighting in variety: "Pope's advocacy of centrality and balance pulls one way and his delight in idiosyncrasy, even when absurd, pulls another". Donald Fraser ("Pope and the Idea of Fame") touches on another aspect of this conflict when he notes that, although Pope the satirist saw himself as "a guardian of public virtue", his satirical thrusts were often motivated by a desire for personal retaliation ("But tell me, and no Minister so sore"), and accompanied by "a deeply serious enjoyment".

In "Pope and the Classics" Norman Callan writes perceptively on Pope's relationship with Horace, and Duncan Isles makes some interesting points in his wide-ranging "Pope and Criticism", but occasionally, as in his rather laboured interpretation of the epigram on the Lady who P——st at the Tragedy of *Cato*", finds criticism where James Sutherland [illegible] was only having fun. [illegible] brook ("Pope and the [illegible] Arts") deals briefly with Pope's interest in painting, sculpture and architecture, and then devotes the remaining [illegible] thirds of his [illegible] to gardening and half [illegible] [illegible]



The classic case of Firbank

BRIGID BROPHY:
Prancing Novelist
...pp plus 13 plates. Macmillan. £8.

Although this book is subtitled "In Praise of Ronald Firbank", its intention is wider, and weightier. It is no less a defence of prose fiction, which its author hopes will rank with the defences of poetry by Sidney and Shelley, poets with a mastery of great prose. It falls into three parts, which Miss Brophy details:

Part One, *In Praise of Fiction*, is the opening chorus, which the solo voice penetrates only by way of illustration, as a classic case: it is an anatomy of fiction and an attempt to diagnose the inhibition which obscures fiction's civil rights.

In Part Two, *In Pursuit of Firbank*, the soloist leads and the chorus comments; it is a sketch of Firbank's creative personality.

Part Three, *Firbank in Pursuit*, goes on from the specific inhibitions against fiction that was discovered in Part One to the reinforcement of that inhibition by the trauma of 1895. The condemnation of Oscar Wilde by an unjust law damaged people's concept of artistic goodness as deeply as the unjust condemnation of Socrates wounded "the good" in its moral meaning. So Part Three considers the effects of the Wilde trials first on literature (and on Firbank's reputation) and then on Firbank. The effect in the second instance was to send him off in a highly ambivalent pursuit of Wilde, a pilgrimage which is the pattern beneath some hitherto inexplicable items in Firbank's history.

This is a heavy task. *Prancing Novelist* weighs 2lb 4oz compared with the 1lb 10oz of *The Complete Works of Ronald Firbank* at half the price. Miss Brophy considers them "simple and logical". It is neither.

The major flaws of Part One are the lack of knowledge and confusion. She begins with the demolition of "the novel is dead", that perennial silly-season popular journalism. But she confuses the economics of the novel as an experimental art with the economics of novel writing in general and the role a Public Lending Right could play. She then refutes the fallacy, as she assumes we hold, that the novel began in the nineteenth century. The trouble, we are told, with nineteenth-century novel was its reliance on narrative; and later on, we are told that the nineteenth-century novel did not rely on narrative as much as we think (or rather, as she thinks we think).

Miss Brophy appears to consider that Dickens was "naturalistic to the point of literary illusionism", a notion as false to that intuitive sense of symbolic artifice as her claim that his unfinished novel is his best;

the notion that success cuts off a writer from material necessary to creativeness is one that few writers become famous enough to put to the test, but the answer is supplied by the career of Charles Dickens, whose novels are by no means short of naturalistic details about the externals of contemporary life and who belonged to the mass-readership age when a novelist could have the fame of a present-day pop star. And indeed, thanks to his public appearances, Dickens added, to his huge literary fame, the luminous glamour of the performer. Yet Dickens's fame never caused him to suffer the least diminution of his creative fertility and power.

Among twentieth-century writers who were floored by success, to choose only American, Jack London, Sinclair Lewis, Scott Fitzgerald, Ernest Hemingway and Thomas Wolfe provide an exemplary handful; while the diversion of his energies from writing to acting slowed down Dickens's literary production and caused his early death.

Miss Brophy is better on Jane Austen, whom she loves and has studied (in a way that there is no evidence that Ronald Firbank ever did); but it is irritating that she should assume that we do not realize the irony of Jane Austen's remarks to her nephew about her small ivory art.

That the reading of novels was associated with feelings of guilt, especially during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is an interesting phenomenon. But it is far more complex than Miss Brophy, an amateur Freudian lacking the caution of a psychoanalyst, would allow. Novels equal day-dreaming, according to her, and day-dreaming equals masturbation. One would hesitate to diagnose even the guilt which George Eliot felt in reading novels as masturbatory, rather than a temptation to neglect filial duty. There was no question of masturbation when Lady Spencer deplored William Cavendish reading *Les Liaisons Dangereuses* to his wife Georgiana and his mistress Lady Elizabeth Foster. That shocking volume gave a licence to their own comparatively gentle *ménage à trois*. Fiction, good or bad, can arouse feelings of guilt of many different types by suggesting conflicting patterns of experience or experiment.

Part One starts up a number of hares which Miss Brophy pursues from time to time through Parts Two and Three, but which have less to do with Ronald Firbank than with Miss Brophy.

The trials of Oscar Wilde are a rather different matter. For Miss Brophy, Wilde was the victim of "an unjust law"; his "Infamous St Oscar of Oxford, Poet and Martyr" was a truth, spoken in jest. In fact, Oscar Wilde was guilty of pederasty and would today under the 1967 Act be as liable to imprisonment as he was in 1895 under the Labouchere Amendment. There is no evidence to show that Firbank considered Wilde the "Hero and Martyr" that Miss Brophy does.

On the other hand, whereas his previous biographer Miriam J. Benkovitz placed more emphasis on Firbank's ambivalent feelings towards "Baba" (his mother, Lady Firbank), Miss Brophy's interest in Wilde leads her to explore more fully the connexions between Firbank and members of Wilde's circle. It is not proven but quite probable that Firbank selected Trinity Hall, a hearty college, not because Baba's grandfather had been there, but because Wilde's son, Vyvyan Holland, was in residence there, and through him Firbank could meet Robert Ross and others. He was fascinated by Wilde, seduced by his purple prose, inspired by his wit and appalled at his fate.

Wilde's was the most important literary influence in his life, his meretricious *Salome* an example at first to imitate, and in *The Artificial Princess* to whittle down to Firbankian uniqueness. Wilde's pederasty taught Firbank discretion, in life and in letters. He observed what Saki called a Tauchnitz morality, practising in North Africa what John Addington Symonds had preached in *A Modern Problem* and Edward Carpenter and Havelock Ellis in *Love's Coming of Age* and *Sexual Inversion*. A novelist like D. H. Lawrence (in, say, *The Prussian Officer*) was far more open in his treatment of male homosexuality than Firbank ever was. Pursuing his cautious path, Firbank wrote instead of lesbianism (an abnormality not legally penalized because Queen Victoria could not believe it existed). He was not, according to any evidence, a transvestite. He preferred to say it with women (and flowers), at least until the success of *Prancing Nigger* in the United States emboldened him to *The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*.

One would not complain of Miss Brophy's ignoring Firbank's contemporaries, such as the aesthetic homosexuals in the Bloomsbury group, if she had not claimed for the hero of her panegyric qualities which he did not possess, either uniquely or at all. Lonely, isolated and self-isolating, torn between Baba and boys, noble in his fancies and upstart in his fears, driven from the Eden of the paternal acres of the Chislehurst estate into a world haunted by enemies and the conviction of early death, he had particularity and excellences sufficient without the need to overburden him with more.

In her book Miss Brophy does not conceal her *odium scholasticum* at being anticipated by Firbank's bibliographer and first biographer, Professor Benkovitz, who had the advantage of studying at first hand documents now dispersed by auction. The Benkovitz biography (a modest 310 pages) is no more a work of art than *Prancing Novelist*. But it is a sympathetic study, filled with valuable source material which has not been supplanted by Miss Brophy, despite her zestful exposure of minor errors.

Miss Brophy's study is far more detailed. She has traced with a combination of careful research and ingenious, and sometimes self-defeatingly ingenious, surmise the origin of Firbank's names of places and characters. *Valmouth*, for example, started as the *Centarians of Glennyfurry*, in Wales, became *Glenmouth*, and then became Falmouth, with the *F* pronounced *V* Welsh-fashion. For the appreciation of the novel, this information matters little more than nuppence. But there it is, in case Firbank becomes an A-Lit subject, and Brophy the prescribed commentary.

A good example of over-ingenuity in analysing Firbank's use of names is the following:

Hagiographically, Firbank even names the actress in *Vainglory* Miss Compostella after the shrine at Compostela of Saint James the Elder, patron saint of Spain.

That's not, however, all there is to Miss Compostella, who makes a supreme (and, in its context fascinating) example of the complexity of Firbankian naming. Hers is, as well as a shrine, one of the

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less airily Arcadian of Firbank's gardening names. It begins as compost. No wonder Miss Compostella feels attracted to Mr Harvester.

Moreover, Firbank has, for once, method in his aberrant spelling. By slipping the extra l into the name of the Spanish shrine, Firbank makes his actress into a Stella: a name semantically apt for a star in general (as Firbank had probably noted from its being the operatic star in Offenbach's *Tales of Hoffmann*) and a particular tribute to the grand Edwardian prototype of starry actresses (Beatrice), Stella, Mrs Patrick Campbell....

This analysis goes on for a further page or more of text and footnotes, illustrating Miss Brophy's scholarship and powers of association. She adduces no evidence that these associations were in Firbank's mind (as we know they might have been in James Joyce's). The associations add little, if anything, to understanding or enjoying *Vainglory*. As Anthony Powell remarked in his preface to *The Complete Ronald Firbank*, " Such fleeting figures are not to be enjoyed in a mood of severity. Certainly any attempt to explain why they are funny would be otiose to a degree."

Miss Brophy is still more otiose in trying to convince us that Firbank's characters are not funny, or satiric, but tragic. She has imprisoned his butterfly genius in her Freudian killing bottle and then mounted it on the pins of Teutonic scholarship. Every joke, *flosculus* and epipun is repeated not once, but many times, to hammer in on us numskulls points (often dubious in the first place) already made.

And this is done in sentences far more clumsy than this last deliberately contrived. It is strange that Firbank, that most fastidious of stylists who might reduce fifty pages of notes to a row of dots, should have been allotted by divine—or satanic?—Providence an atheistic verbose panegyrist concerned to him that he was a crypto-vegetarian and that his annoyance that Squire had never heard of him was not plain pique but envy that Squire's initials were J. C.

Firbank's first posthumous admirer, young Evelyn Waugh, found his " naughtiness " " coy ". Those melons and cucumbers in Pirelli are better for a giggle than a laugh. But Miss Brophy in riper years exhumes each buried ostrobogulosity. She exposes the hermaphroditic significance of Dr Cunliffe Babcock's names, but misses the subtler joke in Peter Passer's surname, observing merely that it is Latin for " sparrow ". Horses of " Tetrarch's grey " have defeated the research of herself and friends, but innocently enough surely refer to the colour of the famous racehorse.

Firbank's oeuvre (to use Miss Brophy's word) is now in print, *The Complete Ronald Firbank* having been completed by *The New Rythum and Other Pieces*, both published by Duckworth. *Prancing Novelist* should, if it does nothing else, alert new readers to the ... tence of delightful little ... pieces, such as *The Flower Beneath the Foot, Prancing Nigger* and *Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*. Old Firbankians ... also profit from her research, ... discounting some claims. His ... *The Princess Zoubaroff*, for ... ple, could never be successfully performed, even with Arts Co... backing.

Like Corvo, Firbank has co... lately into his own, through ... change of the same vogue ... made them unacceptable at the ... they wrote. How long that ... will last no one can say. Cert... Grant Richards, whom Firbank ... for publication, was no major ... lain. Despite the success of Crane's *The Red Badge of Courage*, L... don's *The Call of the Wild*, ... Mann's *Death in Venice*, the ... was frowned on by publish... Little wonder that Firbank, ... comic and camp, could not find ... commercial backer, especially ... he had the private income to ... for himself.

Emigrant: A Birthday Poem

White faces on the Dock, gazing ; and a stiff
  Sea breeze brimming their eyes with tears.
Oars lifting, dipping again, as if
  Lungs too were somewhere labouring in arrears.

What now wells up ? That all-encompassing All
  Borne by its tokens. What we have been, what done
Through all that living. Nothing beyond recall ;
  But set out now to show what was lost and won.

Against this we'ld weigh what's coming, were any doubt,
  Promise, surmise, inkling, hint or guess
Even plausible. But any such fall out
  As but this world's reflection. Imageless

By this world is another. Be it so.
  And yet, as sure—or why ask, ' Who are You ? '
Within ourselves, heart-deep within us, blow
  Unearthly winds of will a-spinning through.

Who yet was just himself ? Or could control
  The Partizans that for his Being fought ?
Legion, maybe ; or Guardians of the Soul
  Striving to have us live more as we ought.

That OUGHT's the original trouble, ultimate Source
  Of our unending errors. Without that
No crux of Evil. The Good, beyond recourse,
  Sets us our tasks to twine them in its plait.

And now the task is to move on anew,
  Through an unknown ; no intimations more ;
Soon totally forgetting all we knew ;
  Tabulae rasae oaring toward a shore.

What's now all-but-forgot was all our world :
  Our friends—all those we joyed in, feared for, beat ;
Strange how that's all now into darkness furled,
  Once so well-lit we could ignore the rest.

Illimitable the fields of our neglect.
  The billion calls we did indeed pass by
With scarce a qualm admitting our defect.
  Too late now ! Blotted out beyond a sigh.

Not curious any longer. What's ahead
  Sucks interest up as breaker scoops its trough.
It's by what follows that the mind is led,
  And what will have no outcome soon dies off,

Not that man's endless knowledge tells us much
  About ourselves, at least. It's otherwise
We learn, if learn we can, to make our clutch
  At any scrap might help us to apprize

Ourselves of what we are, what we would be,
  What might in us be ready to take up
Some further task, thereby to grow to see
  What minglings of what portions fill this cup.

Hemlock, of course, but deadlier strains as well,
  Lethe, in chief, and distillations strong
As hopes for Heaven despite its reek of Hell ;
  And worse misreckonings yet of Right and Wrong.

No doubt here's more of seeking than of knowing,
  What we should Find's a Troth set up as quest,
A bartering askewed by what we're owing,
  A grasp at Good that has foregone the Best.

This Troth it is could be our Being's stay,
  Could go with us to that strange enterprise
On that unimaged strand, where we'll obey
  New laws of growth while they our end revise ;

Discovering the possible, advancing then
  Its spreading frontiers. Back on earth
They've all but vanished lately, leaving men
  Dumb-foundered by new hopes of a re-birth

Old Virtues, Vices, courtiers every one
  Eyeing your Patron's mood ! What's become of those,
Wrung with dismay at almost all that's done,
  Who used to dare to judge, select, dispose ?

From that grim chronicle, those Hierophants who told
  That horror-riddled Tale of sin and guilt,
We see at last what must from that unfold,
  Watch now the rotting of the world they built.

Strange how our forebears took such stuff to heart,
  Quaked to the Soul's root, had themselves rigged out
With murderous brands of doctrine, from the start
  Readying themselves to burn old friends for doubt.

Yet stranger, were that any sort of way
  To breed Souls worth the saving. Too high the cost.
Better demolish Heaven and Hell ; call it a day,
  Be reconciled to the old role of the lost ;

Who serve to alert their fellows ; nor fail to mind
We've these dread faults within us, not behind,
As we leap out in judgment. May what we find
Show us in time how we should be designed.

That OUGHT's back here in force. How we should be
If we'ld divine aright, would somehow see.
Now, at this Turn, sightfulling, what may agree
Best with just growth in the Grand Mystery ;

This in the spirit of a well-lost game,
Is now our task, embarking our Settler's claim
To have learnt to hear
  —and through due shame and blame—
The Daimon's Sign that warns us of our aim.

I. A. RICHARDS

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... SOCIOLOGY OF EDUCATION is ... only form of sociology to ... achieve political influence. It ... passed through a number of ... The initial phase, after the ... World War, was concerned ... documenting the degree of ... and social resistance to the ... equality of opportunity provided by the state education system. ... built up into massive government reports, and the relative ... of the working-class ... became a cliché of political ...

...hensive schooling was held ... degree to ameliorate this ... resistance, though further ... suggested that it was ... doing anything of the ... Unfortunately the comprehensive issue became joined up ... issue of " progressive ... ", partly because many ... proponents thought they ... benefit the working-class ... This contention has in turn ... challenged, and there seem to ... reasons for supposing that ... working-class child is positively ... advantaged by an approach offering freedom to explore his own ... resources. After all, the evidence shows that he has comparatively few native resources.

... area of attention has ... the internal organization of ... school: the shifting foci of ..., the self-confirming and ... effects of techniques ... streaming, the dynamics of ... groups, and the growth of ... cliques among the ... The most recent area of ... has been the actual content ... is taught, a matter traditionally the concern of educational ... rather than sociology. It ... suggested that what is ... is not geared to working-class children, certainly in mode, ... language, and also in ... This has led to a curious ... snobbery because it is held ... that education should be ... of working-class life, pigeon-fancying to pop, and a preparation for the realities ... work. In short, education should be " for real ".

...nately it is clear that this ... legitimize and fossilize the distribution of cultural capital by area, status-group by group. The working-class ... be applauded as a ... fancier of pigeons, but ... would remain embedded in a sector of knowledge de... second-class. In any case it ... paradoxical to deny the working-class child some access to the achievements of the human ... the ground that his present condition has its own validity ... he is not deprived) and on ... ground that thus far the ... of art, philosophy and ... reasoning have been dis... ...ately located among those ... privileged in other ways. Of ... some people, the status ... kinds of knowledge is ... matter of the power elite ... through complex charade ... to initiate students ... rituals of a dominant ... That is how Ioan Davies ... his somewhat over-ex... contribution to *Knowledge, Education, and Cultural Change*.

... papers collected here were ... annual conference of the ... Sociological Association. ... most of the issues just ... beginning with the process of ... mobility and the skewed dis... of cultural capital, step... with a couple of papers ... in Latin America, and ... with the formal and ... organization of education. ... concludes with papers on the curriculum and the content of knowledge. The crucial issues are raised at the beginning and at the end, in Earl Hopper's work on how to cool down those who have been " warmed up " with great expectations, Pierre Bourdieu's analysis of the disjunction between " academic " values and those of the industrial bourgeoisie, and Michael Young's and Basil Bernstein's contributions on the curriculum.

Progressive curricula

RICHARD BROWN (Editor) :

Knowledge, Education, and Cultural Change

410pp. Tavistock. £4.80.

Mr Hopper provides an extremely intelligent and most carefully articulated analysis of what are the advantages and disadvantages of different societal strategies for motivating and selecting people to move to various parts of the stratification system—strategies which have a varied impact for different status groups. Mr Hopper generates empirical propositions at a prodigious rate. He takes as his starting-point Turner's well-known comparison between " contest " and " sponsored " mobility, which is also a comparison between England and the United States. This simply means that the United States has a more universal ideology of competition and success, and that this generates greater anxiety and frustration. The more successful a society is in encouraging ambition, the more difficult it is to regulate and dampen it at each successive stage of the selection and rejection process. On the other hand, the more the boundaries of status are rigid, and the occupational structure perceived as closed, then the more difficult it is to motivate those in the lower-status groups to try for rewarding positions and acquire the requisite skills. Conversely it is easy to motivate those in high-status groups to maintain their positions.

This dilemma of keeping people at the right " heat " generates social changes, *none* of which can actually solve the dilemma. Different balances of warming-up and cooling-off generate different structural changes ; different structures (more or less standardized, coordinated and competitive, to this or that extent paternalistic or meritocratic, concerned to provide specific skills or general potentialities) generate varied balances of warming-up and cooling-off. These balances are further affected by the variety of routes, the number of available slots, and the existence of alternative evaluations located in the status system.

To give but one instance of how the analysis works out, the more an educational structure encourages early specialization, the easier it is to reinforce the initial advantages of upper-status groups, to separate them off, and to cool off the lower-status groups since they will never have had a chance to be really warmed up. Those who *do* reach half-way points after early specialization are peculiarly likely to feel cheated and frustrated.

At this point Mr Hopper's work verges on that of Mr Bourdieu, since he shows that although those who achieve, say, the level of university or polytechnic education are all provided with almost equal equipment, the realization of that equipment, especially in terms of prestige, varies according to whether or not the university is of high or low rank. What Dr Bourdieu shows is how the upper social echelons in France occupy the " upper " institutions, in so far as these are way-stations to political and economic power.

His general premise is that cultural capital begets cultural capital, but those who also have economic capital plus " breeding " need academic capital less ; they can and do get on without it. Those with several types of capital can downgrade mere academic performance, while those equipped only with academic performance (like the offspring of teachers) have to value it very highly. They acquire the status symbols linked to it, and are funnelled into the highest echelons of the education system rather than the social system at large. In short, there is a bipolar system of values, with rewards in terms of leisure and art for the culturally advantaged and rewards in terms of material perks and " smart " activities for the economically advantaged. The education system can retain its autonomy and alternative value system on the condition that it cannot cash its prestige outside the academic market.

Reading Dr Young, one would hardly guess this was the situation: he (like Dr Davies) sees knowledge as valued according to the nature of the dominant institutional order. He argues that the dominant order values knowledge which is abstract, generalized, literate, acquired individualistically and largely unrelated to out-of-school activities. But how much does a stockbroker, archetypically related to the supposed dominant order, adhere to such evaluations? For him academia is the unproductive scene of the " seminar mentality ". And what exactly does Dr Young mean by suggesting that elite personnel value literacy at the expense of oral skills? Has he not heard of rhetoric or debating? In any case " dominant groups " might be very happy to allow young working-class children to be trained directly for industry and *reinforced* in a " relevant " culture of ITV, wrestling and betting: such an education would be " for real " all right, and would permanently prevent the generalized, organized, abstract and *critical* criteria of universities ever getting a hold.

The crux comes with Professor Bernstein. His sketch of an integrated curriculum is the progressive programme in a nutshell. Such a curriculum would be based on group activity both for children and staff, and would involve close-in lateral relationships organized around tasks which were rooted in overall concepts leaping over conventional boundaries between school and the world, between subjects, between activities defined as tasks and those not. It would go for the profound analogies of deep structure. Individual variations among teachers would diminish, and social pressure would produce a common method and code of evaluation: pupils, on the other hand, would both acquire greater discretion and lose privacy.

At this point Professor Bernstein introduces the problem of order: if, he says, certain conditions are not fulfilled, then the progressive curriculum produces a culture in which neither staff nor pupils " have a sense of time, place or purpose ". These conditions are a high level of explicit ideological consensus, affecting the recruitment of teachers and regulating their behaviour in a detailed way. This consensus will be not only explicit but *closed*. Furthermore it needs to be teacher-proof: it calls for unusual powers of synthesis and capacity to cope with ambiguous social relations. Beyond that, efficient feedback and persistent monitoring are required. Evaluation needs to concern itself not merely with knowledge and specific competence but the display of right attitudes: in short the progressive curriculum annihilates deviants, intrudes on privacy and generates new objects for pejorative labels. Totally public persons become totally exposed.

The warning is clear, and obvious: Professor Bernstein's conditions cannot be fulfilled, and if they were the result would not be freedom but the submergence of the self. The inherent contradiction of the contemporary penchant for groupiness *and* personal freedom would be finally exposed. Professor Bernstein is to be congratulated for his part in that exposure.

Children think laterally

EDWARD DE BONO :

Children Solve Problems

227pp. Allen Lane. £2.50. Penguin. Paperback, 80p.

As everyone probably knows by now, Edward de Bono has made a corner in creativity, " lateral thinking ", and the PO response—nothing to do with the Post Office or chamber-pots, but a useful conjunction of " perhaps " and " no ", expressing suspended judgment rather than uncritical agreement (" we are entering a new era of increasing prosperity " : PO !). In Dr de Bono's ten previous books he has entertainingly discussed his theory of how thinking works—by fits and starts, trial and error, puns and paradoxes, rather than by the formal rules of logic; how it is stifled by conformity, and how it can be used more creatively by adults and children in all kinds of situations. (Eleven books centred on one subject seems rather too many; has he been thinking laterally enough ?)

In all seriousness, it cannot be over-emphasized how spontaneous and original, as Dr de Bono says in the introduction, are children in comparison with adults, and how conformist they emerge at the end of their educational processing ; research has demonstrated this, he points out ; and one has only to inspect the deep blankness evoked in oneself by the problem of weighing an elephant or designing a postman's bicycle to confirm it.

Dr de Bono's latest book consists of nearly 200 drawings by children of all ages on the solution of such problems, with brief commentaries by the author. An easy way to make a book, perhaps ; but the proceeds will go to research on thinking. Dr de Bono comments on the characteristic solutions evoked by each problem and compares some of the children's creative strategies with adult decisions in business and politics. There are other points to be noted about the drawings. Intricacy and surplus complication, rather than simplicity, are clearly enjoyed for their own sakes, though this may have been partly influenced by the wording of the problems. Between boys' and girls' drawings there are no discernible differences. Solutions to " keep a cat and dog from fighting " show immediate understanding of the psychology of aggression ; " design a fun machine " reveals a conception of fun which adults would feel all the better for remembering : swinging, sliding, riding, bouncing, floating, splashing, driving, hitting. The suggestions for improving the human body (no doubt self-censored by the artists) would enable children to grab more, understand more, eat more, and be safer ; surprisingly, no one suggests a body less vulnerable to damage or pain.

The author may be unfair in blaming the boredom of formal education for stifling all this ingenuity. Jean Piaget's extensive researches have shown that the child becomes more and more interested in grasping the logical, rule-following aspect of the world as it grows older : obviously of great value, but necessarily involving the renunciation of some imaginative freedom. By adulthood, the obstacles to regaining the openness of early childhood are many ; for genuinely disregarding conformity involves courage, or at least freedom from anxiety. The parent who worries about what the neighbours will say has more influence than Latin verbs. In any case, the primary school, in theory, already gives priority to curiosity and creativity ; but before lessons in thinking are incorporated into the curriculum for older children, as Dr de Bono wishes, a pilot research project might investigate whether the teachers who foster these qualities are in fact those with the personality resources to do so anyway. The others might conceivably make " lateral thinking " as dull a subject as any other, and the method would be like ten-year-old Simon's solution to stopping a cat and dog fighting : " give them lots pills ". Give them thinking pills. Timidity and dullness will be eliminated by lessons in thinking : PO !

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TIMES PAST THE TIMES

T·L·S

72nd Year 30 March 1973 No. 3,708

Viewpoint

BY W. J. WEATHERBY

TIMES SQUARE had been so cold even in the early evening that only a few couples were making for the movie-houses, and stores and snackbars were doing no business and closing early. In the bars it was one of those nights when the barmen spend their time polishing glasses. By midnight there were more police in the icy streets than pedestrians. If any muggers were still at work, they would have to mug each other, and perhaps even crime had gone indoors to keep warm. Winter had won almost a total victory in Manhattan.

But not for long, for no victories last long in New York. Next morning the curtains opened to reveal not defeated snow-covered streets or wind-lashed sidewalks but sunshine strong enough to throw shadows on bedroom walls, and down below people walked to work not like Hitler's retreat from Moscow but with the new wardrobes and springy steps of tourists in their own city. Winter had vanished overnight and spring had occupied New York. It, too, might not last long. The cold weather might come back for a final fling before spring's victory was complete, but winter could never seem the same again, at least not this year.

For New Yorkers, it was an event of overriding importance. Vietnam, inflation, income tax returns—everything else lost status beside the feeling that we had come out of the long winter tunnel (although it had not been so long this year). There were no birds to listen for, no lawns or seeded beds to contemplate (my father would have asked how you could possibly tell it was spring without them); but in midtown New York you read spring not through nature but through human nature.

Suddenly the sidewalks were full of life again and new fashions posed and pranced at every corner. From Times Square up Seventh and across 55th Street to Fifth Avenue there were enough sights to keep a street photographer busy for a week. No camera can match the eye and every blink brought another unique snapshot. On such a day New York produces a greater variety of faces and human walking styles than any city of my acquaintance. The rich have left (temporarily for Florida or upstate for good), business is said to be going, the number of jobs has certainly declined and it is not all the fault of the recession, but if these people in the streets are the survivors, then the city's vitality is intact. On such a day as this, you know the rumours of New York's coming demise must be greatly exaggerated.

Everyone will have his/her symbolic picture of this day. Mine at first might have been a glimpse of a young pimp in all his finery standing at the corner of 47th and Seventh. He resembled one of those hustling birds which in winter scavenge for crumbs and then on the first warm day stand up, ruffle their feathers, and remember how fine they are. But before the day was done, I had a more springlike image to remember than that. I had arranged to meet a literary agent at a small bar in the St Regis Hotel. She likes the atmosphere, which has a certain stillness and discretion rarely found in New York. When I arrived she was already there, and she had chosen a table near a busy gesticulating group which provided a constant source of entertainment while she waited for me.

In the middle, like a seventeenth-century French monarch (but with the gestures of nineteenth-century English actor), sat Salvador Dali clasping a slim stick as if he might have to fight a duel at any moment. This impression should perhaps have conflicted with the stillness of the rest of the room, but it had no more effect than if it were part of a movie being shown for our amusement. [illegible] your reaction to his work. His pictures seem to be admirably clear in technique and astute in using contemporary symbols, but a long acquaintance with them, particularly alone together in a room, can become hectic and eventually lead to permanent separation, as if one is being asked to share one's life with a brilliant non-stop monologue about Mr Dali's dreams. I am not pressing this view on anyone else when I say that Mr Dali's masterpiece to me has always seemed to be himself, and therefore that scene in the St Regis was like a new exhibition not of Dali paintings but of Dali himself, or rather the public character he has created. Not knowing him in private, I have no idea whether this character is at all like the real person, but when a new painting of his is shown or reproduced I do not look at it as a separate work of art but simply as the latest reflection of this extraordinary man whose self-promotion has already created lasting legends.

As a mere viewer of him that day, I was reminded of our attitude towards the new scenes in the streets outside. They were not separate small time events but images of the new spring, all closely related. So, as Mr Dali took telephone calls, greeted new courtiers, and generally behaved as true to his image as spring was to its, he became a reflection or continuation of the endless vitality in the streets. Here was not the winter of old age but the spring of eternal youth, the continuation of a legend rather than the end. This may have been partly the response of Manhattans to Mr Dali's performance or the heady effect of feeling the warmth of the sun again, but the glimpse of him and of spring had a lasting influence on my attitude even into the next day (which was much colder).

* * *

An anonymous letter arrived, date-marked Berkeley, California, forwarded by the *TLS* in London. I detest anonymous letters—they are sneaky and cowardly—and this one was nothing but abuse about a few lines I had written in the *TLS* concerning a birthday party last December. I didn't mind the violence of the language and the self-righteous clichés, but I regretted the writer had missed my point. I had referred to the party simply to illustrate the kind of event that can sometimes move a writer to want to translate reality into fiction because of the emotions it arouses. I did not write an account of the birthday party because there were at least six different viewpoints, including three nationalities, and to do justice to them would have required a whole book. The anonymous correspondent, however, had seized on the paragraph to put over some rigid attitudes about women's liberation and Down-with-Liberal-Whitey.

I would quote some of the choice insults if the letter had been signed, for although it might have seemed sneeringly superior in the depths of winter, in the spring it had its humorous side. Even one of the final cracks about my referring to the hostesses at the party as "girls" ("is that not so bad as calling Black men 'boys'?") seemed amusing in the sunshine. I called them "girls" because they were friends just as my aunt calls my 45-year-old brother "boy" and a Black friend in the South calls me "Nigger". To suggest that words can be used only one way is a totalitarian attitude towards language and human relationships. Take away the varied colour of words, the tone, the environment, the timing, and you turn language into a Kafka mumble of assent. There is also a totalitarian attitude in writing as a hanging judge to a person—me—whom she knew only through reading a column. "I am a Black female and I think I know what I'm talking about. . . ." I wonder. Perhaps she wrote in the winter and I read her in the spring and that made all the difference.

* * *

Spring, however, is not all good news for New Yorkers. There may in fact soon be far less news than usual of any kind, for news is not what happens but what gets reported.

So far as one can tell, The New York Times is heading for another [illegible] Under the mass of union [illegible] the real issue seems to be [illegible] tion. The people who run the [illegible] are said to be determined to [illegible] ize production methods [illegible] agreement is impossible and [illegible] strike results. The union [illegible] to insiders, is equally determined [illegible] to see a large number of its [illegible] lose their jobs. Outsiders [illegible] out that neither side can [illegible] strike because it will hurt the [illegible] too much feel they might [illegible] and talk to the Empire State [illegible] ing. There is already a [illegible] sense of inevitability, which [illegible] seen at its worst in the paranoid [illegible] gestion that the Nixon Administra[illegible] tion is at the back of the [illegible] in order to put one of its [illegible] tigious critics out of action.

The real losers, of course [illegible] all such confrontations—[illegible] citizens, who are now down [illegible] morning papers for news and [illegible] tisements. One of the [illegible] tive results of the last [illegible] was the birth of *The New York Re*[illegible] *view of Books*, which began [illegible] kind of local *TLS* but grew [illegible] more like a transatlantic [illegible] *Statesman*. If *The New York* [illegible] is really put out of action [illegible] fluential *Book Review* [illegible] course, go with it. The [illegible] tions of the *Book Review* [illegible] easy to see, and its virtual [illegible] is bad for the book business [illegible] threat of its disappearance [illegible] one appreciate its value [illegible] hurt the already reeling book [illegible] ness will be without it.

Can both sides be so [illegible] not to compromise? We [illegible] answer to that one from past [illegible] ence. A dying industry [illegible] itself into the grave. But [illegible] fact that *The New York Times* [illegible] not afford a strike is the [illegible] realization that the country [illegible] afford to lose the paper. [illegible] even the *Times* is in its [illegible] what really happens in the [illegible] of the country, it is [illegible] penetrating in comparison [illegible] television news reporting [illegible] of the Nixon Administration [illegible] to be to achieve the politic[illegible] of having all news reported [illegible] handouts, and the disappear[illegible] the *Times* would take away [illegible] its strongest and most [illegible] critics. Neither side on the [illegible] dispute can afford to let this [illegible] if they care for the proper [illegible] ing of their democracy.

But if the paper does [illegible] and no equally strong [illegible] over in New York, and we [illegible] to the inadequacies of [illegible] then the book business will [illegible] responsibility of telling us [illegible] really going on. And that [illegible] means novelists, for they [illegible] equipped to get at the [illegible] America at present is at [illegible] derful moment that occurs [illegible] heroic dramas when [illegible] players have prepared for the [illegible] gence of the main characters [illegible] everyone looks instinctively [illegible] the wings. We are now [illegible] ing for the entrance of [illegible] novelist.

Rooms in Bloomsbury

The horrors of the personal, revealed
in indiscreetly published cahiers,
lean on the pristine chronicle. "Today
A and Z used my room instead. I feel
nothing, although I saw them on the bed
one instant before switching off the light
again. Read Stendhal in the bath all night."
As circumspectly in that epoch, Z
writes "then, at last, they published it, and for
the first time public notice shaped my life
till world events intruded. Even C
could not ignore the change, and, as for me,
I soon displeased my publishers, my wife
and friends, enlisted, and endured the War."

MARILYN HACKER

Next week['s] novel by KIN[SL]EY [AMIS] The [Riverside] Vill[as Mur]der
Compelling [illegible] murder story [illegible] superb exampl[e] [illegible]
JON[ATHAN] [illegible]

[NIGE]L NICOLSON:
[Alex: The] Life of Field Marshal Earl [Alex]ander of Tunis
[illegible] Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
[illegible]

[O]f all the men I ever knew he [po]ssessed the graces in the high[est] degree, not to say engrossed [the]m. Indeed he got the most by [the]m; and contrary to the custom [of] profound historians who always [assi]gn deep causes for great [ev]ents, I ascribe the better half of [his] greatness to those graces. He [ha]d most undoubtedly an excel[len]t plain understanding and [soun]d judgment, but these quali[tie]s would probably have never [rai]sed him higher than they found [hi]m, which was a junior officer [in] the Guards. But then the graces [pro]tected and promoted him. His [fig]ure was beautiful; but his man[ne]r was irresistible either by man [or] woman. It was by this engag[ing] graceful manner that he was [en]abled, during all the war, to [conn]ect the various and jarring [Pow]ers of the Grand Alliance and [to c]arry them on to the main ob[jec]t of the war, notwithstanding [the]ir private and separate views, [jea]lousies and wrong-headedness.

[ON]LY ONE minor adaptation of the text is required to bring Chesterfield's notorious judg[ment] on Marlborough into line with [the] very similar impression left by [Nige]l Nicolson on the mind of the [read]er as he comes to the end of his [biogr]aphy of Alexander. There are [good a]rguments for holding that [Alexa]nder, in military ability as well [as in] "the graces", came closest to [Marlb]orough of all British twentieth-[centu]ry generals; Chesterfield's [views] have been widely regarded by [histor]ians as perverse; can the [same] criticism be levelled at Mr [Nicols]on? He has been deeply [impress]ed by the charm, decency [and ele]gance of his hero's character. [He ap]praises justly his intellectual [gifts, pa]rticularly painting, in which [he rose] above the status of amateur [whic]h his lack of spare time could [have] confined him. He allows him [the c]ourage and competence as a [gener]al officer; but of his gen[eralshi]p he at times appears more [critical] than his admiration would [allow him to] admit. Since Alexander has [been p]oorly served, up to now, by [militar]y historians of the Second [World] War, and since this vigorously [and a]ttractively written book is [likely to] be the standard biography [for a lo]ng time to come, it is worth [consider]ing, even if necessary by re[viving] old controversies, whether [more m]ay not be made of his genius [as a com]mander in the field.

[In the] "Author's Note" at the [beginn]ing the book is described as ["acc]redited" biography, rather [than "]official" or "authorized". [What th]is means is that Mr Nicol[son] had the full collaboration of [Alexa]nder's family, particularly of [Lady A]lexander, and has been able [to use a]ll his official and personal [papers.] The latter are rather scanty, [but eno]ugh survive to enable him [to draw] an attractive picture of his [hero's] early life. Both his parents [were m]ildly eccentric; his father, [who die]d when he was six, was [extreme]ly shy, and his mother [neglecte]d all her children. In a way [it is re]miniscent of Winston Churchill's childhood; but Alexander was perfectly happy in the company of his three brothers at their home in Ulster. Besides the usual country sports, and the less usual accomplishment of driving a train on the local light railway, his main pleasure in life was painting, and his first ambition, he has recorded, was to be President of the Royal Academy. One who knew him well has expressed the opinion, which Mr Nicolson shares, that if the First World War had not come when it did he would have left the Guards after a year or so more and dedicated himself whole-time and professionally to painting.



General Leese, Churchill and Alexander on the Italian front.

The generals' general

It was the First World War, then, that settled his future. Three years before its outbreak he had been commissioned in the Irish Guards, and consequently it was on August 12, 1914, that he crossed to France; on the boat he asked a Boer War veteran what it felt like to be wounded. He served there continuously until the end of 1918. Only a little over a year later he was an acting Major, at the age of twenty-four, temporarily in command of the first battalion of his regiment. He won the MC and DSO, became one of the youngest colonels in the whole Army and before he was twenty-seven had temporary command of the 4th Guards Brigade. Mr Nicolson, who himself served in the Grenadier Guards in the Second World War, has given a brilliant description of this decisive period in Alexander's career. He is much helped, it is true, by Rudyard Kipling's regimental history, but, not content with this, he has sought out fellow members of the regiment, of all ranks, for their evidence. All unite in praising Alexander's care of and affection for his men; there was little scope for tactical innovations at his level in that sort of war, but his ingenuity is as much commended as his courage. Despite serious wounds he remained serene and cheerful: "Alexander", according to Valentine Williams, "was the only man I knew who appeared to enjoy the Battle of the Somme." Mr Nicolson analyses this enjoyment acutely. On the one hand Alexander thought that the war was eminently a just one; on the other hand the attendant horrors of the most brutal of modern campaigns "developed his innate sympathy". He sums up: "He was happy doing what was expected of him and knowing that he could do it well."

After the war Alexander found himself a Lieutenant-Colonel with a great reputation in a profession which, now that he had proved his skill at it, he determined to pursue. However, he disliked the thought of serving in barracks at home or with the occupying troops in Germany and still wanted more adventures. He got himself made a member of an Allied Commission in Poland, and then went on to Latvia. There were five parties in arms disputing possession of the country: Red and White Russians, Letts, a German expeditionary force under von der Goltz and the "Latvian Heimwehr" of German-speaking Balts. Alexander was given command of this last, weaned them by the force of his personality from their natural alliance with von der Goltz, kept them in line with the Letts and led them as the spearhead of the advance which drove the Red Army out of Livonia and back to the Russian border. It was a remarkable example of the ability he was to exhibit on a larger scale twenty or so years later of coordinating "various and jarring Powers". He had learned German and Russian in the trenches in Flanders, but Chesterfield would agree that it was not merely his linguistic skill but rather his irresistible manner that made his men follow him.

Alexander retained all his life a keen interest in Russia. During the First World War he eccentrically modelled a new Guards uniform cap for himself, with a high peak and an almost vertical vizor, on one that he had seen a Russian officer wearing. He used to say that no army could be really smart unless they wore boots, like the Germans and Russians. He wore the Order of St Anne with Swords that Yudenitch gave him; when he met Rokossovsky in 1945 the Soviet general muttered in an aside that he had once had it too. Like Churchill, during the war he admired Stalin and was enthusiastic about the Soviet Army. It is likely also that it was his service in Latvia that made him sympathize so strongly with the Italian partisans and do so much to assist them.

Interlude between the wars

Mr Nicolson passes rapidly over the interwar years with the remark that "it is only in the biography of a soldier that one is likely to find the years between the ages of thirty-two and forty-two summarized in a few pages". At thirty-two Alexander was given command of the Nowshera Brigade on the North-west frontier of India. It was a coveted appointment, rarely held by a British Army officer, and during his tenure he fought a campaign against a Pathan incursion into Swat and another against the Mohmands on the Afghan border, under command of Auchinleck, who commanded the Peshawar Brigade. He also learned Urdu. He distinguished himself once more by his personal courage, and Mr Nicolson, whose heart is with the regimental office, at times gives the impression that in his opinion this brigade command marks Alexander's peak as a professional.

In 1937 Alexander became, at forty-five, the youngest general in the British Army, commanding the 1st Division at Aldershot. Two years later he took it to France. In June 1940 he brought back what remained through Dunkirk, having taken over the command of the rearguard, as Commander of I Corps. Mr Nicolson gives a clear account of the brief and disastrous campaign, well-balanced in its attention to detail and particularly valuable in the closely-argued narrative of the closing scenes in the Dunkirk beachhead, about which French and British views and memories differ. The only questionable point is that he accepts uncritically Montgomery's claim that it was he who persuaded Gort to nominate Alexander to take over I Corps. Later on, when he comes to discuss similar claims in Montgomery's unreliable memoirs—for instance that he instructed Alexander how to fight the battle for Tunis—he realizes and demonstrates their baselessness; he might with advantage have been more sceptical of this account of a private conversation. Gort's decision was certainly the best possible. Alexander successfully and coolly directed the evacuation and was the last of the British to leave.

Moltke held that nothing brought out so much the skill of a general as having to retreat. Both Alexander's first two commands in the field in this war, in Flanders and in Burma, ended in retreat, both constituting a crushing defeat, unavoidable and for the present irretrievable. There is not much new and striking that can be told of the Burma campaign but Mr Nicolson has the merits of clarity of outline to which he has added illustrative anecdotes of personal courage and imperturbability. One triumph at least he marks up to Alexander's credit: against all the odds he won the grudging regard of "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, a "jerring" character if ever there was one. It was a foretaste of future triumphs as an Allied Supreme Commander.

"The most that could be said for Alexander's command in Burma was that "by a combination of forethought, perseverance, example and luck" he had saved most of the men of a beaten army and avoided the shame of a capitulation. Nevertheless, he was immediately appointed to the most important British command in the field, Commander-in-Chief Middle East. From

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then on he knew nothing but success, and instead of retreat a triumphant advance from the last-ditch defences of Egypt to the mountains of Austria. This is the period on which his great reputation as a commander was founded, and it is to this that Mr Nicolson, as is natural, devotes the most detailed study.

He has a clear appreciation of the situation in Egypt when Alexander assumed command in August 1942, values properly Auchinleck's defensive successes in the preceding month and denounces Montgomery's description of Auchinleck's strategy as "a travesty of the facts". He is more interested in the precise relationship between Alexander and Montgomery, which he compares to a marriage and Alexander to an understanding husband, accepting the idiosyncrasy of a difficult wife: "self-effacement, so long as things went right, was a small price to pay for amity". He thinks Alexander might have exerted a more direct command over Eighth Army. It may be that he has missed the significance of one story which he relates. When Montgomery's original plan for Alamein was being recast, on October 29, six days after the start of the battle, Alexander and his Chief of Staff, McCreery, were at Army Headquarters and McCreery suggested the line on which the new thrust should be made, farther south than Montgomery had proposed; the acceptance of this suggestion was undoubtedly "the key decision of the Alamein battle", and Mr Nicolson wonders why Alexander did not propose it himself. McCreery was a highly intelligent man fully capable of producing such an idea from his own head; but it is very unlikely that he would not have had some preliminary discussion on the axis of attack with Alexander. It would suit well with Alexander's tactful way with subordinates that he should leave it to his Chief of Staff to make the running; and if so, neither then nor thereafter would he have dreamed of claiming any personal credit.

The first triumph of Alexander

The chapter on the Tunisian campaign shows Mr Nicolson as a master of vivid and exhilarating narrative. It is vivid in eyewitness descriptions of the fertile and flowery landscape of a Tunisian spring and exhilarating because of Alexander's galvanizing energy which produced the perfect plan, spiced with dash and deception, for the culminating battle. Alexander was in full control of operations, having been made Deputy to Eisenhower at the Casablanca Conference, when he charmed both Roosevelt and Churchill and the British and American Chiefs of Staff. There is admittedly some criticism of the failure to take advantage of the long flank presented by the enemy when their main forces were concentrated, in March, at Mareth in the south and around Tunis on the north.

The case is arguable; here are a few arguments against it. The only troops available to Alexander were the American II Corps, who had just suffered a disagreeable defeat and changed their commander; the enemy commander, who also could read maps, posted a strong flank guard, over-insuring indeed by detaching two armoured divisions from the force defending the Mareth position; the Eastern Dorsale mountains, by which the enemy's flank was protected, were a formidable barrier. Mr Nicolson's regiment had experience of this when they took part in Alexander's most serious attempt to break through, at Fondouk. One American and two British divisions were used, but they failed to penetrate the mountains before the enemy withdrew under pressure from Eighth Army. But though it is fair to mention such criticisms, nothing can detract from the skill with which Mr Nicolson evokes the exciting atmosphere of the spring of 1943, which brought the allies' first completely annihilating victory and *the end of the author's first campaign in the field*.

Alexander's next campaign, the invasion of Sicily, was a piece of most complicated planning, insusceptible of succinct analysis. There were more divisions in the assault even than in Normandy. Mr Nicolson is unlucky here in not having the guidance of the official history whose publication, promised for last spring, is still awaited. For want of it he has accepted the account given in the Montgomery memoirs, according to which the whole plan was altered by the intrigues of the Eighth Army Commander with Eisenhower's Chief of Staff. Mr Nicolson would have done better to play down this story. The idea of landing both the invading armies side by side in the south-eastern corner of the island was Alexander's first proposal, made on February 18, 1943, long before Montgomery had given the matter any thought, and it was he who reverted to it later, having become convinced that difficulties in maintenance over the beaches would be overcome by the use of the amphibious lorry known as DUKW (Mr Nicolson ascribes this latter conclusion incorrectly to Montgomery).

What is undoubtedly true, and it is perhaps Alexander's greatest error, is that after the landings had gone so well he allowed Montgomery, in unusually optimistic mood, to override his original plan for the reduction of the island and try to do it all himself. He was admittedly deceived by Montgomery, who reported advances which he had not yet made, but this is only palliation. If he had stood firm, and not allowed Montgomery to push the Americans aside, he would have reduced the island much sooner. Mr Nicolson is conscious of this, and of the contrast between what happened and the account given in Montgomery's memoirs which he describes as "a mangling of history which makes one suspect Montgomery's loyalty to his chief".

Mr Nicolson has a very just appreciation of the Italian campaign, in which also he took part. He is particularly to be praised for the concision with which he cuts through a mass of pseudo-controversy about its origins:

> The Anglo-American disagreement was therefore less deep than it appeared: it was concerned with the scale of future operations in the Mediterranean, not with the need for any operations at all. Both allies were convinced that the war could not be won there: it would be won by the convergence in central Europe of the Russian offensive from the east and the Allied offensive from the west. Let it be once more stated (for the opposite legend is as persistent as a dye) that Churchill did not wish to shirk the cross-Channel invasion; that he did not wish to open a southern front in the Balkans; and that the Americans did not wish to abandon the Mediterranean theatre completely.

That needed saying.

The landing at Salerno

None the less the opening moves of the invasion of Italy produce the most serious criticism of Alexander's generalship in the book. This time the argument needs pressing home, for the criticism is quite certainly baseless. Mr Nicolson objects that the Fifth Army landing at Salerno should have been more closely supported by Eighth Army, which landed at Reggio. "If it was impossible to put Eighth Army ashore alongside the Fifth Army at Salerno"—and that "if" is naively reminiscent of Pope's "Ye Gods, annihilate but space and time"—"they could have landed in the instep or at Taranto." He really seems to think that the reason why Alexander did not order Eighth Army to land farther north was that Montgomery believed, falsely, that the Reggio landing would be desperately difficult rather than, as it proved, a piece of cake.

He might have reflected that it was in this very context that Churchill, in the House of Commons on September 21, 1943, objected to people "talking in an airy way of throwing modern armies ashore here and there as if they were bales of goods to be dumped on a beach". The facts are quite simple and unavoidable. There was a finite number of landing-craft in the theatre and almost every single one was needed for the landing at Salerno, which was a bold plan, as Mr Nicolson acknowledges, with only a small margin of success. If a few more could have been scraped together they would have been used to take more troops to Salerno. Meanwhile the troops standing idle in Sicily must be brought to the mainland. Fortunately the Straits of Messina are so narrow that they could make almost a river-crossing, in the minimum number of landing-craft which were then immediately taken away from them to go to Salerno. A landing anywhere else would have required such a number of craft that Salerno would have been fatally weakened. As for Taranto, what could be landed there, from cruisers and destroyers because it was in friendly Italian hands, was what in fact was landed there, and that, as Mr Nicolson knows and records in his book, was 3,000 men "without tanks, with little artillery, and inadequate transport".

It may seem captious, when considering what is a most judicious account of the Italian campaign, to devote so much attention to correcting an erroneous view of its opening stages. Mr Nicolson shows very well, later on, that he knows the problems which confront a commander in a secondary and subsidiary theatre whose orders are to contain the maximum number of enemy troops with the minimum of his own. No such criticism is called for by the account of the rest of the campaign. There are matters of controversy indeed: Cassino was a near-run thing and Alexander's optimism was not without solid grounds; Anzio turned out better in the end than seemed likely at one time; if the battle for Rome fell short of Alexander's annihilating purpose, that was because Mark Clark regarded war as the continuation of publicity by other means, to pervert Clausewitz's dictum. There can be no doubts about the way in which Alexander maintained the spirits of his men or about the thunderclap certainty of his final victory.

Mr Nicolson has chosen an excellent method of showing how Alexander conducted his campaigns. He was always close to the fighting troops, spurred by memories of the very different behaviour of generals in the First World War. Personal reminiscences, eyewitness accounts and tape-recorded conversations rub in the point. Mr Nicolson brings out in particular Alexander's gifts as a commander of an allied force, and here we come back again to Chesterfield on Marlborough. He was particularly good with Americans, for whom he felt both admiration and affection. He recognized and fostered the genius of Patton, whom he regarded as by far the best of all his countrymen both for dash in action and for his instructed grasp of logistical problems. His relations with Eisenhower were warm and confiding; he would say that Eisenhower had more strategic ability than would appear from the way he normally confined himself to his chairmanly role. The austere Bradley has recorded that "in each successive Mediterranean campaign he had won the adulation of his American subordinates"—a word which most of Bradley's fellow-officers would never have suspected him of even knowing [...] applying to anyone. [...] further:

> He not only showed [...] tactical judgment [...] make him the outsta[...] eral's general of [...] war, but he was [...] comport the nation[...] and jealous Allied pe[...] his command.

It is amusing to find [...] field's elegantly-phrased [...] Marlborough reproduced [...] laboured style of a field[...] u writing general. Did [...] come as easily as this? [...] never seemed under stra[...] his Baltic Landwehr, [...] that everyone was as go[...] sincere as he was. His [...] personal publicity and [...] but straightforward hones[...] all his subordinates [...] admire him. What depths [...] ter lay beneath not even [...] thetic biographer has bee[...] penetrate.

Made a Viscount after [...] Alexander was immediately [...] by the Canadian Governm[...] last British Governor-Ge[...] Canada. He was an [...] popular one. It was during [...] in Canada that he pub[...] despatches, which are [...] cribed as "among the g[...] papers of our military [...] Made an Earl by Church[...] for two-and-a-half years [...] Defence. He was not, [...] hints, very popular with [...] tive back-benchers. They [...] but were not convinced [...] right man; nor did he [...] quite realize that he wa[...] politician. He did his bes[...] all his opposite numbers [...] larly in America, but [...] rather have stayed in C[...] the Canadian Governm[...] wanted. His last conquest, [...] tant one, was the ecce[...] centred and calculating [...] King. And all this time, [...] years, his passion for p[...] curred and satisfied an [...] craving. Perhaps his boyh[...] tion haunted him still, [...] ton regretted his burned [...]

Mr Nicolson has produ[...] which no one can rea[...] being charmed and che[...] makes one think better [...] nature to read that [...] blessed with "the grace [...] have such steely depths [...] strength. He is also parti[...] be commended for the [...] attractive portrait he has [...] Lady Alexander, a portra[...] lines are sketched in more [...] ence than by direct stat[...] which makes an ideal co[...] the enigmatic but [...] figure of the great Field-M[...]

To the Editor

Dorothea's Husbands

Sir,—In the correspondence about "Dorothea's Husbands", two letters take issue with me about her first husband, though on quite different grounds. Warden John Sparrow (March 16) remains loyal to Pattison as bearing an unmistakable re[...] [illegible] Pattison and against [illegible] criticism, in the pages of *Notes and Queries*. It must be said that the evidence which he has adduced is singularly unpersuasive, since they neither looked, thought, wrote, nor talked like each other. He quotes once more the now much-published passage from Dilke's unpublished autobiography, as if Dilke were a totally informed and objective witness. In fact Dilke was an interested [illegible] as second [illegible] more interested in making Pattison into Casaubon [illegible] Dilke's admiration is clear and [illegible] uxorial feeling [illegible].

But the new evidence mentioned in my article, which Warden Sparrow does not attempt to refute, is happily documentary [illegible] George Eliot herself, rather than [illegible] friends [illegible] second husband. It contradicts [illegible] his assertion that Casaubon proposed marriage to Dorothea was based upon a letter of proposal from Pattison. The new evidence is a letter from George Eliot written in 1846 in which she makes up the terms of a pedantic proposal of marriage, distinctly parallel to Casaubon's, a quarter of a century before. She had then no need of the Pattisons to help her with Casaubon's correspondence.

Whatever the rules of an inquiry into Dorothea's husbands may be, they must include close attention to *Middlemarch* and to all available information, including that supplied by the author herself. Emrys and Barbara Jones (March 9) agree with me that George Eliot had reason for saying that Casaubon had his origins in traits of her own. Their disagreement comes in interpreting the letter in which she says about novels: "I shall carry to my grave the disgust with which they have contaminated me." They take this statement as merely florid evangelicalism about the superiority of fact to fantasy. But in the letter George Eliot makes a distinction between two kinds of fantasies, those she had in childhood, which were egoistic but innocuous, and those she experienced in adolescence, as a result of having read novels. Emrys and Barbara Jones then suggest that the novels she has in mind are Scott's, but I cannot see how they can say this when the letter begins by specifically exempting Scott from the accusation of having contaminated her. [illegible] then propose that what George Eliot is dealing with in Casaubon is egoism, a quality [...] nized in herself. But [...] large term, and in Cas[...] sexual undertones. As I [...] my article (February [...] to all Mythologies is [...] aubon's deflection of lov[...] tombing of the senses in [...] cellarage—is the cause of [...] larly as well as of his [...] ure.

I quite agree, and [...] myself, that George Eliot [...] in the letter has an evangel[...] but I do not think that [...] those strong words without [...] ledge of what they meant [...] of sin was genuinely fel[...] may be allowed one add[...] tation from a letter [...] correspondent Miss Le[...] after the one quoted [...] Eliot writes of [...] fantasies: "I [...]

> With respect to my [...] soul of which I have [...] for some time, I fear the [...] or rather one particular [...] tation of them, have [...] Instead of my fear [...] abhorring them, I feel [...] of one being whom [...] beheld except passingly [...] interview I have described [...] would *probably* [...] It is, the image has [...] in consequence of [...] pation and I trust [...] desire and prayer [...] rebelling against [...] by right, [...] adoption. I endeavoured [...] for the beloved object [...] have alluded, I must [...] while say beloved [...] felt soothingly melted [...] that it mine be really [...] acquaintance with [...] ably caused the first [...] up specially in [...]

FROM 'TOP TO TOE'

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J. M. Scott

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[...]ght not to have permitted [...] from my pen. (*Letters*, I, [...]

[...] for the complex deli[...] which these matters had [...]ussed, the second letter [...] my interpretation of the [...]

RICHARD ELLMANN.

[...]ege, Oxford OX1 3BN.

'[...]tieth Century [...]glish Verse'

[...] dismayed to learn that [...]ford *Book of Twentieth* [...]*glish Verse* the last two [...] Thom Gunn's poem "The [...] have inadvertently been [...] They are as follows:

[...] each blunt-faced ignorant one
[...] grey rigid uniform combined
[...]ith virtue of the sun.
[...]epts linked like chainmail in the mind.

[...]d, by the grinding sound,
[...]hey sought, and partly understood,
[...]ed upon that open ground,
[...]roup above the foreign wood.

[...]emely regrettable omis[...] [...]ely my own fault, and I [...]y apologies for it to Mr [...] his publishers. The [...] Press assures me that the [...] be rectified at the first [...]

PHILIP LARKIN.

[...]sity of Hull.

'[...]gic Matters'

[...]essor Geach assures me [...] that my colleagues who [...] paper thereby showed [...] to be less than compe[...]ophers. I am naturally [...] accept his assurance. [...] I did it would still be [...] be less than competent [...]lly and another to teach [...] it was of the second of [...] that Professor Geach [...] when he began this cor[...]

W. H. WALSH.

[...] of Philosophy, David [...] George Square, Edin[...] [...]9JX.

[...]Lit in Africa

[...] Fuller's remarks on [...] and Gods" (March 9) [...]ticular deserve harass[...] readers teaching Eng[...]

[...], in poetry what lies [...] be made manifest in [...]itself—with this excep[...]: the poet will [...] his reader a shared cul[...]ty. As behind the dream [...] an enormous private [...] lengthy cultural past [...] from every poem, that teachers in England can no longer assume in their undergraduates familiarity with classical, biblical or other cultural referrals as these are no longer a familiar part of their earlier education. Whatever "lengthy cultural past subtends from every poem", the primary question criticism has to ask is in what sense is the poem a point of contact between the reader and the poet. Poets and certain critics may wish that the poet's very language is a token of shared cultural history, and that the precise references of say Marvell's *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland* or Eliot's *Waste Land* are a more demanding degree of awareness of that same shared cultural history.

The argument holds good in the British Isles but has received severe battering in Africa, if nowhere further afield. The problem manifests itself repeatedly at the level of criticism of a particular poem and what can reasonably be expected of an African student who might have studied British social or political history and who has certainly come to English as a second language. But it is at the syllabus level that more serious critical battles are fought and may well be lost in many places.

If Roy Fuller's innocent remark on the poet's assumption applies to poets of all cultures, to what extent should it be taken cognizance of when one teaches across cultures? That is a fair question which in my experience is not receiving due attention in English departments which have many African students. The movement in certain African universities away from departments of English Literature to departments of Literature looks like an admission that the question is too difficult or indeed that *English* Literature is irrelevant.

A recent congress sponsored by the University of Botswana, Lesotho and Swaziland threw up the realization of how much African literature in English is available and should perhaps be included on syllabuses of English literature. The critical point in both senses of the word is who to leave out from the traditional lists. At whose expense does Achebe come in? At what price Jane Austen, Dickens, Eliot? Or, more difficult, Murdoch, Fowles, Nabokov?

African writers in English may be closer in the broadest of broad terms to the "cultural history" of African students and therefore deserve attention, though that contact is not primarily linguistic but sociological, and the desire to cultivate it smacks of a naive pan-Africanism. African students in Rhodesia prefer Achebe to Thackeray, a judgment that has more sociology and politics in it than literary criticism: in Nigeria Doris Lessing is not taught as an African writer because she is not Black.

These are the kinds of difficulties English departments in Africa are faced with, and Roy Fuller's remarks are an explicit formulation of the root critical problem. Perhaps from the security of his discipline in Oxford, which indeed is enviable, he could hazard comments that might help the estate of English literature abroad. He might even, as a critical statement, suggest a syllabus for an English department in Africa.

T. O. McLOUGHLIN.

Department of English, University of Rhodesia, Salisbury, Rhodesia.

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THE GLC BOOKSHOP

Poet's Credit

Sir,—James Reeves (March 23) would have liked a credit in *Radio Times* for his "Playschool" poem. BBC production staff like credits, too. *Radio Times* was not offered a choice between Mr Reeves and the platoon of BBC production staff he mentions. The programme billing submitted to *Radio Times* by "Playschool" did not mention Mr Reeves. The *Radio Times* policy quoted to Mr Reeves by the "Playschool" producer is news to me. Mr Reeves's finger is not pointing at *Radio Times*.

GEOFFREY CANNON.

Radio Times, 35 Marylebone High Street, London W1M 4AA.

Special Feature?

Sir,—Further to Philip Collins's letter (March 23), we are very pleased to see that an author who has been hailed as "fairly bursting with plums of observation and comment" uses these powers of perception with as much vigour on his own publishers' publicity material as on the major works of Dickens.

ANNE CALCOTT.

Copywriter, The Macmillan Press Ltd, Little Essex Street, London WC2R 3LF.

'The Bush Rebels'

Sir,—Your review of *The Bush Rebels* (March 2) is somewhat misleading. Your reviewer fails to point out that, if Barbara Cornwall's material was collected before the assassination of Mondlane, it is now four years out of date. The record of the guerrillas since then can hardly be called "ineffective". In Mozambique, for instance, FRELIMO have extended fighting into two new provinces, Tete and Manica e Sofala, thereby nearly doubling the area of their "above ground" activity. I myself visited Niassa Province with FRELIMO late in 1970 and the Portuguese were certainly not "firmly in control" at that time. Lord Gifford went to Tete Province last summer and confirmed that much of this area is no longer controlled by the Portuguese.

So far as Guiné is concerned, to describe Bissau as PAIGC's objective indicates a failure to understand the nature of these wars. For the objectives are political; people are therefore more important than places and, as relatively few people live in towns, the guerrillas are not in a hurry to take them.

Portugal alone may be one of the weakest countries in Europe but your reviewer does not mention that, through NATO, she benefits from the support of the strongest European powers. This omission inevitably distorts the whole discussion of relative strength and efficiency.

MARGARET DICKINSON.

60 Dundas Street, Edinburgh 3.

French Culture

Sir,—I was interested to see Jonathan Culler (Viewpoint, March 9) taking up the notion of French culture, but I found that his observations about French criticism led towards a sentimental indulgence in faddism. But at least that is *le mot juste*. After living for fourteen years in this climate of faddism I am bored by the fanaticism of a series of bourgeois anarchists, each sharpening his own sickle, living in a perpetual 1968.

Mr Culler is not very specific about anything. But to consider, for example, the review *Poétique* (or for that matter *Tel Quel* with its frequent boudoir revolutions), it would be impossible to find such a dung-heap of pearls and tripe anywhere in Britain, though I would not say the same about America. What a genius like Leo Spitzer did with much tact, learning, and wisdom, the French are doing with characteristic intolerance. In no European country is such a concentrated effort being made to discredit the very idea of criticism. Far removed from the common reader, as from the average intellectual, the slanted impressionistic essays that are pouring out are largely the work of gangs of exalted exhibitionists.

What has gone wrong? Perhaps some answer may be given by comparing the French New Criticism, New New Criticism, New New New Criticism, with the solid achievement in the same field in Britain. In a period of some forty years, our critical vocabulary has been completely overhauled and renewed, as is far from being the case in France. Thanks to Richards, Eliot, Leavis, Empson and others, we now know and more or less agree what is meant by such terms as *wit, tradition, ambiguity, feeling, sensibility*, the *objective correlative*, the *image, tenour* and *vehicle, tone, intention, revaluation, relevance, organic form*, and so on.

The French have completely failed in that direction, and are at least fifty years behind. The university critics are still lost in their historical perspectives (so-called histories of literature appear every week) and retain their jargon of Classicism and Romanticism, *le fond et la forme* and the rest. The others, those of La Nouvelle Critique, with some exceptions, create new vogue-words every day, pretentious pseudo-scientific expressions which nobody will use long. There is no honest attempt being made to reach agreement about the critical vocabulary, or about the tradition, or about anything else. The result is an excitable but degenerative chaos.

The "New" folk even assert that their critical superstructures are more creative than the so-called "texts" so obligingly provided by such "idiots" as Racine and Flaubert, who did not know what they were saying. Yes, these undeniably gifted hotheads claim to be the true creators. They were very nearly mauled by Ionesco in his excellent book *Découvertes*, in which, with a strangely contrasting humility, he affirmed the creative powers and rights of the true originators.

Meanwhile I suggest that instead of French fads, some attention should be given to an intelligent article on English criticism, by Graham Martin and M Emslie in *Le Monde*. That article makes it clear that the French faddists have no idea of the quiet revolution that has taken place in English criticism, compared with the bombastic disorder which is now the rule among the head-hunting French intelligentsia. The wave of critical terrorism has not yet reached Britain. I hope it never will.

FRANCIS SCARFE.

Institut Britannique de Paris, 6 rue de la Sorbonne, Paris 5e.

Anthony Burgess's Viewpoint

Sir,—If Anthony Burgess (Viewpoint, March 23) has not touched his "novel-in-progress" since last August, it would seem even longer since he has touched his copy of Eliot.

"'Old men should be voyagers'—the words are Eliot's", he announces in his final paragraph, finding a scriptural authority for his self-imposed "total deracination". What Eliot in fact wrote (in Part V of "East Coker") was, of course, "Old men ought to be explorers", which is, apart from being a rather different word, also a rather different matter.

But this misquotation we should perhaps be content to ascribe to the avowedly "sub-literary" nature of Mr Burgess's article.

NEIL CORCORAN.

St Edmund Hall, Oxford.

W. H. Auden

Sir,—The difference of opinion between Edward Callan and your reviewer about Auden's *Epistle to a Godson* (March 16) could easily be resolved by a change of terminology. "Flat" champagne is a ghastly drink. Auden's late work could more properly be described as "still" champagne, which is excellent.

RONALD BOTTRALL.

Via delle Quattro Fontane 16, 00184 Rome, Italy.

Browning 'Juvenilium'

Sir,—If Robert Browning tertius
Really wrote those verses,
They might rank quite highly
As a *juvenile*;
But it is a little rum
To dub them "*juvenilium*".

ALASTAIR ROSS.

48 Mount Pleasant Road, London W5 1SQ.

¶ Indeed it is; apologies to Mr Ross and to the many other correspondents who have written deploring our rudeness last week.

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ANTHONY HAIGH

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Commentary

Lacking the ruthless logic of the bestseller, the conception and birth of a literary translation is a painful and mysterious business. How are candidates for translation selected, and by whom? Who picks the artisans to take on the conversion-job into another language? And last but not least, who is the end-product aimed at and who does it finally reach? Any strengthening of literary entente between countries is overwhelmingly dependent on the quality and quantity of translations. And a couple of years ago, reporting on an Anglo-German Literary Workshop, Commentary lamented that insufficient attention was paid to this crucial question.

To make amends, the same organizers, the German Institute and the National Book League, last week held a two-day symposium, attended by English and German translators, publishers and academics, to discuss how the number of translations of creative writing - in both directions - could be increased. The outcome is a working committee, which will present a report to both governments. The ultimate aim, provided financial backing can be obtained, is to set up a permanent Anglo-German translation exchange, which would act as matchmaker between authors, publishers and translators, and offer prizes, subsidies and other assistance. Economics, the precarious state of publishing today, is indeed the main obstacle: for instance, it is hard to see how that three-decker monument of postwar German fiction, Uwe Johnson's *Jahrestage* (let alone works of comparable difficulty by lesser-known writers), could appear in English without some kind of grant.

Another problem is that of criteria; what to choose? And here the middleman, the publisher - unless he is one of the handful whose interests are resolutely unparochial—needs all the help he can get or he will flounder. A translation exchange would obviously have a vital part to play in advising and informing the book trade. With literary climates and values as different as they are in England and Germany, any genuine rapprochement will require a lot of patient and sympathetic spadework from both sides—by book reviewers and literary editors, as well as publishers and translators. At the moment, too much reviewing of translations of foreign literature is ill-informed and patronizing. If a European Cultural Community is ever to be a meaningful reality, everyone in the translation process will have to try a great deal harder, not least translators themselves.

* * *

Although Byron is the least fashionable Romantic in highbrow circles these days he probably retains a larger audience than any of his contemporaries. We look in vain for such modern desiderata as irony, wistfulness and obliquity in his verse, but we continue to look. The reason for this is perhaps that Byron the man is anterior to Byron the poet; as has been said, the main appeal of Byron's poetry is the fact that Byron wrote it: no matter how self-pitying, egocentric and contrived his verse becomes it remains infallibly likable, just as Byron did.

Small wonder then, in a way, that the Byron Society (formed in 1971) should have been the most fanatically devoted of all the literary fan-clubs, and even smaller wonder that at its "Any Byron Questions?" meeting on March 19 the emphasis should fall so heavily on the life. Questions referred to Byron's childhood, his relationship with his mother, his lameness, and so on; and when the matter of how much he contributed to the Greek nationalists came up, panelist Doris Langley Moore was on hand to fault out a well-informed [illegible] (Mrs Langley Moore is [illegible] preparing a monograph on [illegible] account book—before moving on to his laundry-bills and a comparative study of his [illegible] tickets). The session came to an [illegible] end with a question of whether the time was ripe for a bust to be erected in Westminster Abbey; the panel was against this in principle and the majority of the members supported it.

ing concern with his work. On April 18 there will be a press reception to celebrate the publication of *The Byron Journal* at the Martini Terrace in London's Haymarket. Young actors will read selections from the Byron-Shelley correspondence on May 21 at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street. The society will convene in the orangery of Holland House on June 11 to hear the letters to and from Lady Holland, Lady Melbourne, Lady Caroline Lamb, and other celebrities. The society's *pièce de résistance* will take the form of a month-long Belgian, German, Swiss and Italian tour of Byron's route and residences 1816-23. The 44-seater coach (which is to be driven by "a most experienced Swiss driver") will, among other things, drop its passengers off at Namur for lunch with certain EEC commissioners and their wives, will proceed to the Lord Byron Hotel, Chillon, thence to Fanzolo and a lunch at Count Lorenzo Emo's Palladian Villa, motoring down to Ravenna's Hotel Byron, then on to Bagni di Lucca—where the trippers will be received by Contessa Gamba and, four days later, by Marquesa Iris Origo—and finally to Genoa, where Byron sailed for Leghorn and Greece in 1823. The cost of the holiday is £241 and solvent Byronophiles should contact the Hon Secretary, 6 Gertrude Street, London SW10.

Where will the culture rambles end? Will the Bunyan Society go bankrupt in order to spend a week in Bedford jail? Will the Janeites PG for a year or two in a Steventon rectory? Will the Friends of Coleridge gamely enlist in the Light Dragoons? Fortunately, Byron did almost nothing that wasn't stylish or glamorous, so unless his Society elects to retrace the peer's steps through Malta and Albania it should continue to flourish.

* * *

In our series last year on "The State of English" the question of Old English cropped up almost as often as the question of Comparative Studies; indeed, these emerged as two extremes between which any sensibly forward-looking English department was obliged to navigate. Some departments seemed to be plunging too eagerly into a facile internationalism, while others were clinging too sturdily to ancient insularities.

Of the latter, the University of Durham struck our special correspondent as the sturdiest of all. Although an air of mystery and intrigue hung around the topic of Old English (one of the professors interviewed on the subject insisted on having his non-confidences recorded in shorthand), there was no evidence that the discipline's custodians were going to give up even an inch of their territory. It comes as something of a surprise, therefore—and not an unpleasant one—to learn that the castle walls were not quite so unbreachable as they appeared. It has recently been announced that the Department of English at Durham has made extensive changes in its Honours syllabus.

Until now, students reading Honours English have been required to take two years of Anglo-Saxon, followed by a year of Middle English. The final year has, moreover, had to include an English language paper. The new regime will be considerably less rigorous. Students entering next October will be required to take only one year of Anglo-Saxon. This will be examined at the end of the first year; thereafter Old English (together with its relatives) will be optional. A new paper ("English Literature 1100 to 1400") will be added to the options for second and third year students. And, as if that were not enough, a further new paper will be introduced which will extend the span of the English Honours syllabus to include literature up to 1950. For Beowulf read Dylan Thomas.

It is quite a revolution and our correspondent rather shudders to imagine the backstage infighting that must have prefaced the publication of the department's bland new articles of faith. "The changes in the syllabus are intended to give due attention to contemporary writing and to restore the much needed equilibrium between literature and language".

* * *

We have just heard that the 1973 Geoffrey Faber Memorial [illegible]

In the Abbey

LADY GREGORY:

Our Irish Theatre
A Chapter of Autobiography.

279pp plus 25 plates. Gerrards Cross: Colin Smythe. £5.

Our Irish Theatre, which has been added to the "Coole Edition" of the works of Augusta Gregory, contains much useful information. It gives a detailed account of the early years of the Abbey Theatre, the disturbances which greeted the first performance of *The Countess Cathleen* at the Antient Concert Rooms in Dublin, and the riots over *The Playboy of the Western World*, as well as the determined efforts to prevent a performance of the comedy during the first American tour of the Abbey Players. Lady Gregory praised the work of the Fay Brothers but, as Roger McHugh points out in his preface, she did not stress sufficiently their importance in that period of experiment. We may add also that she avoided discussing the differences which led to the resignation of George Russell (A.E.), Padraic Colum and others from the board.

Rows, scuffles, riots, tours in England and the United States gave enormous publicity to the Abbey Theatre during its first years, but it was long before it gained real popularity. Lady Gregory describes here only the first thirteen years of the theatre, but they were the best. With the increasing vogue of the kitchen farces, perpetrated by William Boyle and George Shiels (both Ulstermen!), the theatre quickly declined. Later the "black" comedies of Sean O'Casey brought back intensity to the Abbey stage, but the rejection of *The Silver Tassie* ended the chance of more plays of that quality.

Lady Gregory includes interviews which she gave about the plays in America. Although she shrank from the forcible language of *The Playboy*, she defended it during the tour, and when she was asked by journalists if she liked it she replied tactfully that she preferred other plays of Synge. The ferocity of the anti-Irish campaign is illustrated by an article from *The Gaelic American*. Dismissing *The Playboy* as a monstrosity, "which must be squelched as the stage Irishman was squelched", the anonymous critic proceeded to find evil intentions in every Abbey play. In *The Rising of the Moon* "our patriotism is attacked, not openly, of course, but by innuendo". Ignorant of the fact that *The Workhouse Ward* was an adaptation of a play written in Irish by Douglas Hyde, the critic describes it as "a picture of two hateful old men snarling at each other in a truly disgusting manner". *Maurice Harte*, that moving tragedy by T. C. Murray, which deals with a failed religious vocation, is, needless to say, an insult against Almighty God. *Family Failing* is the worst of the lot: it depicts the Irish as lazy. Only one play, *Kathleen ni Houlihan*, is spared. It is beautiful, "but as everyone knows, Yeats wrote this before he became a pagan and went astray".

The problem of *The Countess Cathleen* has been ignored so far by the prolific authorities of the Yeats "industry". In the much-revised version published in 1901, Yeats tells us that he found the story in an Irish newspaper and, on inquiry, learnt that it had been translated from a French collection of alleged Irish folk tales. The poet printed the original story in an appendix, and it is interesting to note how carefully he borrowed the plot and also some effective phrases from it, such as "sainte aux yeux de saphir". F. Hugh O'Donnell, a Member of Parliament who quarrelled with the Home Rule Party, denounced the play in two long letters to the *Freeman's Journal*, which are printed here and are the basis of his rare pamphlet, *Souls for Gold: a Pseudo-Celtic Drama in Dublin*. Cardinal Logue promptly denounced [illegible] as anti-Catholic, but [illegible] he had not read it, and [illegible] seized on this disclosure [illegible] dent jubilance. But the [illegible] read the extracts given [illegible] nell, and his alarm for [illegible] was justifiable. The [illegible] Shemus staggers into his [illegible] kicks to pieces the [illegible] there:

SHEMUS: Satan pours the [illegible] from [illegible]
And I am mindful to go pray [illegible]
To cover all this table with [illegible]
... I would eat my supper [illegible]
With no less mirth if [illegible]
Were Pooka, sowlth, or [illegible]
Rubbing its hands before [illegible]
(The little [illegible])
MAIRE: Look! Look!
SHEMUS (Kicking it to [illegible])
Mother of God has dropped [illegible]
And all her household [illegible]

Had the young Yeats been [illegible] perienced as a dramatist [illegible] have indicated directly or [illegible] to the audience that the [illegible] peasant was under demon [illegible] sion. In the second scene [illegible] one of the Demons tells [illegible] how he had found Father [illegible] ing his breviary, frightened [illegible] death, and then thrust his [illegible] his infernal bag. F. H. [illegible] remarks with due sarcasm [illegible] old Father John, in spite [illegible] prayers and his breviary [illegible] the devil in the shape of a pig! How Irish! How [illegible] Celtic!" It is clear that [illegible] forgotten the scene in which [illegible] refrained from killing [illegible] while he is at his prayers [illegible] cided to take him una[illegible] he was about [illegible]

That has no relish of salvation [illegible] Yeats wisely omitted the [illegible] passages from the revised [illegible] the play, but did not [illegible] to his opponent.

[illegible]he Sepulchre belongs to us

[illegible] MAYER:
[illegible]
[illegible] by John Gillingham
[illegible] University Press. £3 [illegible] £1.50).

[illegible] of the Crusades written in [illegible] are available in a num[illegible] languages; but in such works, [illegible] often outweighs analysis, [illegible] has been a continuing de[illegible] a more succinct and ex[illegible] account. Of that demand [illegible] of the late Ernest Bar[illegible] article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, subsequently off[illegible] as a small book, provides suf[illegible] evidence, and it is now met [illegible] comprehensively and at a still [illegible] standard by Hans Eberhard [illegible] volume, first published in [illegible] 1965, and now available in [illegible] English translation by [illegible] Gillingham.

[illegible] Mayer has earned the [illegible] to generalize by the distinc[illegible] own researches. Despite [illegible] relative youth, these have [illegible] a depth and extent [illegible] the labours of some of [illegible] of old, on to whose [illegible] all modern investigators [illegible]. Like Prutz, Hagen[illegible] Röhricht before him, [illegible] Mayer is not only writing [illegible] monographs but is put[illegible] present and future histo[illegible] the Crusades in his debt by [illegible] available to them expertly [illegible] source material. He has re[illegible] and established, for exam[illegible] the greater part of the [illegible] of the work edited by [illegible] the *Itinerarium peregrinorum et gesta regis Ricardi* is an [illegible] work, the character [illegible] authorship of which are quite [illegible] from those of the rest of [illegible], and, himself a mon[illegible], he has published under the auspices of the *Monumenta Germaniae Historica* a fully equipped edition of that independent work with an outstanding introduction.

By another fine piece of research he has proved the existence and identified some of the products of an atelier which specialized in forging charters in thirteenth-century Acre. The analysis of a service-book which once belonged to the crusader cathedral of Tyre has led to a masterly study of the coronation ritual and regalia of the Latin kings of Jerusalem, a study which tells us much about the character of that monarchy. His *Bibliographie zur Geschichte der Kreuzzüge*, with its list of more than 5,000 items, has been, and no doubt will be, kept up to date in the pages of the *Historische Zeitschrift*. Meanwhile he is at present engaged in editing not only the royal charters of the Latin kingdom but also, in collaboration with Professor Huygens, the great History of William of Tyre. He has proved his ability not only to investigate source problems down to the bedrock, but also to generalize on larger issues with admirable conciseness. With all those credentials it is not surprising that the book under review should be of the very highest quality.

The Crusades is organized within a conventional framework. At either end of the book the author discusses the origins and aftermath of the crusading movement. In between he gives roughly equal space to the main crusading expeditions on the one hand and, on the other, to the states established by crusaders in various parts of the Levant, not only in Syria and the Holy Land, but in Greece and Cyprus also. To include so much in a book of this size raises problems of balance and proportion to which there can be no generally agreed solution. The kingdom of Jerusalem inevitably dominates the account of the crusader states, if only because it has left so much more source material than any of the others. The rest are dwarfed by comparison, especially the kingdom of Cyprus; three centuries of its history under the Lusignan kings rate no more than eight pages, and Latin Greece even less. If so little can be said about them, need they have been included at all, especially in view of Professor Mayer's wish to distinguish the crusade from other forms of warfare organized by the Church because of its connexion with Jerusalem.

Then there is the problem of Queen Melisende. Her father had no son to succeed him, so that Melisende was heiress to the Latin kingdom in her own right, the first of many in the kingdom's history. This created legal and constitutional problems in her relations with both her husband and her elder son, and Professor Mayer is at his very best in analysing them. But there are equally interesting problems relating to the succession in 1185-86, which are passed over with little or no comment. It is true that the situations in which Melisende was the central figure have never before been fully discussed, and the fact that they are now better understood is the result of Professor Mayer's own researches. But in the next issue of *Dumbarton Oaks Papers* these will be set out in full, and it seems scarcely necessary that in this book the succession problems of the second quarter of the twelfth century should so completely overshadow those of the mid-1180s.

There will be other matters too on which the judgment of some readers will differ from that of the author. For him, as for Grousset and Runciman, the attack on Damascus by the forces of the Second Crusade "was as ridiculous in execution as in conception". This is a defensible view of the situation, especially when fortified by hindsight. But it is also true that those who favoured such an attack had valid grounds for their opinion, and it is part of the historian's responsibility to make this clear to modern readers. In the same way, the privileged communities of Italian merchants appear as those who "breached the legal integrity of the kingdom" and "seriously undermined the competence of the king's court". True: but equally they gave indispensable services in the conquest of the seaports, in securing mastery at sea, as carriers of the pilgrim traffic and as developers of the commerce which contributed so much to the material resources of the Latin rulers. Like the Military Orders, they were among the groups who in some ways weakened the Latin States, but who were essential to their continued existence.

In so closely-knit a book any reader may have his small differences with the author and yet still admire the work as a whole. It analyses and explains events of which other writers give no more than a narrative. The notes—besides containing, in relation to their size, a wealth of up to date bibliographical information—discuss a number of points which are still controversial: the place of Jerusalem in the crusading plan of Urban II, for example, or the character of the indulgence in the twelfth and early thirteenth centuries. In providing such a summary the author is bound to rely heavily on the work of others, but at a number of points he makes his independent contribution. That on Queen Melisende has been mentioned already; an illuminating page on the Mazoir family in the principality of Antioch provides another example.

Professor Mayer concludes with a plea for agreement among scholars on the kind of expedition to which alone the word "crusade" shall be applied. Medieval popes preached expeditions against those other than Syrian Moslems, whom they identified as enemies of the Church: heathen Slavs, the Moors, a variety of heretics, the Staufen, the Colonna. Such undertakings brought to participants the same privileges, spiritual and secular, as did those directed to the Holy Land. And there were European merchants active in Levantine waters whose objectives were quite different from those of the armed pilgrims whose eyes were fixed on the Holy Places.

Military action set on foot by the Papacy to serve what were thought to be Christian ends; European penetration of western Asia: the Crusades overlapped with both movements and were part of them. But the desire to secure Jerusalem and its Holy Places by force for Latin Christendom had its special place and exercised its special power in the Christian West for more than 200 years. Professor Mayer should not lack support in wishing to limit the term to "a war which is aimed at acquiring or preserving Christian dominion over the Sepulchre of Our Lord in Jerusalem".

Dr Gillingham's translation is in every way worthy of this outstanding book. It does raise, however, one disputable detail of some interest. Professor Mayer himself has taught us that when the excommunicated Emperor Frederick II entered the Church of the Holy Sepulchre on March 18, 1229, he did not then, Napoleon-like, crown himself as King of Jerusalem; he emphasized the importance of the occasion in an entirely medieval manner by wearing his crown in public. In view of the distinction which the author has worked so hard to establish, it might have been better if the translator could have avoided the word "coronation" in his subsequent references to the event.

Clashing symbols

FRANCIS WARNER:

Lying Figures.

50pp plus unnumbered plates.

Maquettes.

52pp plus unnumbered plates.

Oxford Theatre Texts. £1.50 each (paperback, 80p).

Francis Warner's *Lying Figures* begins in a mortuary where two characters, Luz (John v, 1) and Saiph (Acts xii, 1), having died, emerge from their refrigerators to discuss the hereafter and its disappointments: "All the unredeemed pledges of that pawnbroker!" No prizes for guessing the identity of the pawnbroker who does not "redeem" his pledges. The "sweet taste of earth" is, apparently, all we can hope for. Inadvertently, however, Mr Warner threatens us with the possibility of something much worse than mere extinction—an eternity of feebly gruesome jokes, which though in intention blackly sophisticated, would not be out of place in a film entitled *Carry on Corpsing*. This is a representative sample: "All my life I've been dying for this", "I'm mortified", "We're a skeleton staff", "Don't be so discomposing" and "I died laughing". Mr Warner varies the tedium with a scattering of portentously metaphysical utterances like "That groining cavalry [illegible] call home", and "Time is only space in the head". But even metaphysics are not free from the attentions of the author's lambent wit: "I see black holes in space", volunteers Saiph, to which Luz quips, quick as a flash, in the best *Time* magazine style, "No matter."

In the second act the mortuary attendant's wife meets her lover (her husband's boss) just before dawn. After a [illegible] they get down to business. The wife rips off her black bridal dress to reveal herself in a whimsical outfit for Royal Ascot. Nor is it a reference to *The History of O*. "The effect", Mr Warner tells us, "is that of a woman metamorphosing into a bird." He has in mind the paintings of Max Ernst because this act is, in fact, the mental landscape of a dream. "The movements are dreamlike", hints the dramatist in a stage direction, which explains the appearance of another woman got up to resemble a dreamer in Delvaux's "La Ville endormie". The wife is, then, fulfilling her fantasies. Not only that, she is furthering Mr Warner's symbolic ends. Her wedding dress is black to suggest a funeral. Why? Her name is Epigyne (*epigyny*, noun, the condition of being epigynous; *epigynous*, adjective, growing on top of the ovary, EPI + *-gynous* fr Gk *gyné*, woman). It would not be too crude, therefore, to think of her as the female reproductive system, especially since her husband has the stark appellation of Gonad. (Mr Warner is presumably unaware that in medicine *gonad* designates the ovary as well as the testicle.) Her lover's name is Guppy. Guppies (*Lebistes reticulatus*) are freshwater fish whose adults are cannibalistic and often eat their young. Mr Guppy is not only the head of the mortuary; he also has a deftly playful way with a scythe, which Mr Warner thoughtfully provides, as well as a convenient apple for a nostalgic *temptation* of Gonad's wife. Accordingly, we can identify Mr Guppy, without too much damage to the author's symbolic fabric, as Death. In other words, the female reproductive system is having an affair with Death—hence the black wedding dress.

The third act takes place (no surprise) in a Garden. After an exchange in which the female reproductive system accuses the male reproductive system of inadequacy, and after a certain amount of mimed lawn-trimming and leaf-[illegible] infected with syphilis. [illegible] prospect [illegible] in every [illegible] sure enough, when [illegible] given birth in the fourth [illegible] brings the tiny skeleton [illegible] mortuary to pronounce [illegible] mawkish elegy. Predict[illegible] play ends as it began, with [illegible] of an ambulance siren.

This modish pessimism [illegible] in *Maquettes*. The second [illegible] the trilogy centres on a [illegible] man huddled over his [illegible] extraordinarily articulate [illegible] watchman and given to [illegible] in rhyming verse. With [illegible] guistic gifts, it is hardly [illegible] that the old chap should [illegible] crowd of eavesdroppers [illegible] there is a strong suggestion [illegible] is not what he seems: [illegible] has some rather God-like [illegible] am this elm; from [illegible] root". And his final act [illegible] coals of fire (from his [illegible] to the young couple who [illegible] to kiss. Moreover, the [illegible] ters chant a series of [illegible] incest which may have [illegible] ing on the Holy Family's [illegible]

But few will trouble [illegible] the symbolism because [illegible] plays, Mr Warner [illegible] be without even the [illegible] dramatic gifts. He has [illegible] vented a new genre—the [illegible] the Unspeakable. Gonad [illegible] ple, is not only the [illegible] ductive system, but also [illegible] from this sentence [illegible] refugee: "What age do you [illegible] my wife?" Other [illegible] include, "Well [illegible] games, and with who [illegible] boss Guppy." And this [illegible] soap in an unclean [illegible] And this [illegible] Flattery [illegible] because we are taken [illegible] disclaiming [illegible] our minds, we welcome [illegible] emotions." Really [illegible] this: "And you [illegible] intolerable position [illegible] he must to oblige [illegible]

[illegible]mine fringeman

[illegible]LLIPS:
[illegible] Valence Earl of Pembroke
[illegible] Politics in the Reign of [illegible]
[illegible] Press: Oxford [illegible] Press. £6.50.

[illegible] of Edward II the great [illegible] were still unquestioned [illegible] political life, not yet [illegible] threatened by uppish [illegible] burgesses, and their [illegible] landed wealth and per[illegible] was still at or near [illegible] height. Moreover the [illegible] magnitude of the King gave [illegible] whole series of crimes in [illegible] rivalries were revealingly played out. These circumstances, plus the fact that evidence is a good deal more abundant than in the previous century, make Edward's reign a relatively satisfactory period for the art of feudal biography. We now have two up-to-date works of this kind, set in this period: J. R. Maddicott's book about Thomas of Lancaster, Edward's great enemy and the dominant figure of the reign, published in 1970 and J. R. S. Phillips's very thorough new study of Aymer de Valence.

Pembroke was not a magnate on the enormous scale of Lancaster, nor are his affairs so well documented. The sources for his estates are rather poor. Unlike Lancaster he belonged to the international fringe of the English nobility: he had estates in France and two French wives. But he played a central part in English politics from early in Edward's reign to his death in 1324. He also seems to have had a genuine friendship with Edward II. This book is chiefly about his role in political life from 1312 to 1324.

One obvious effect of the new biographies is to complete the demolition of the old framework of ideas about Edward II's reign which was set up by Tout's *Place of Edward II in English History* and Conway Davies's *Baronial Opposition to Edward II*. That orthodoxy interpreted the period in terms of political programmes supported by rival groups of magnates and much interest was attached to key documents, notably the Ordinances of 1311 and the Revocation of them in 1322, as statements of general views about the constitution or administration of the realm. The biographical approach has shifted historians' attention to the interplay of personal ambitions. Parties appear less as the expression of attachment to lasting prejudices, more as the chance alignments of transitory political circumstances. Dr Phillips treats the Ordinances as a rallying-[illegible] centre of a moderate group, opposed equally to Edward's courtiers and to Lancaster's extreme anti-royalism, which dominated politics between 1317 and 1321. Dr Phillips sees something slightly different: a group of the King's friends trying to keep power at court and suppress the influence of the courtier vultures, Damory, Audley and Despencer, who wanted to exploit the administration too outrageously.

The biographical approach has its limitations; it diverts attention from the problem of seeing the political situation of the crown, the whole complex of finance, war and patronage, in the round. It gives the reader a one-sided view of most situations. It does, however, richly illuminate the political conventions of magnate society. It comes as a surprise, for example, to realize what a large part must have been played in Pembroke's life by the fact that he happened to be captured while on an embassy in France in 1317 by a French soldier to whom Edward II owed arrears of wages, protected by a French Count whose sister had been divorced by the Earl of Surrey. The ransom extorted by these aggrieved men was several times the annual value of Pembroke's estates and kept him in heavy debt for the rest of his life.

Dr Phillips has explained also why the most eminent family in Pembroke's affinity, the Berkeleys, deserted him in 1318 for the rising star of Mortimer. The Berkeleys thought they had a claim to some of the lands of the earldom of Gloucester, the largest estate to fall vacant in this reign for lack of male heirs, and they were dissatisfied by Pembroke's failure to press their case at court. To show their feelings they laid waste his park and his deer at Painswick and severed their political connexion. By persistently ransacking the sources Dr Phillips has [illegible]

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Bi-biographer

D. A. RUSSELL :

Plutarch

184pp. Duckworth. £2·95.

There has been quite a bit of writing about Plutarch in recent years, principally perhaps in French, but also in English ; a good English example was C. P. Jones's *Plutarch and Rome* (1972). What, then, is the purpose of this new work ? "My object in this book", D. A. Russell says, "has been to explain what it is like to read Plutarch, and what I think one needs to bear in mind in order to read him with understanding."

Mr Russell himself possesses special qualifications in the field of ancient literary criticism (though there is nothing about this in the jacket's one-sentence biographical note). His chapter on "Language, Style and Form" will therefore be read with attention, and the various points he makes are illustrated by good translations from his own hand—about which he is disarmingly apologetic, pointing out that he has not felt it worth trying (excusably enough) to reproduce "the dignified movement of Plutarch's flexible and comprehensible periods". However, he dwells very little on the purely linguistic aspect, seeing that his book is intended to be intelligible to those who do not read Greek : and on the whole he plays fair about this, fairer than many other classical scholars.

The first chapter, on Plutarch's life, does not add very much to what we knew already. But it does hint at an interpretation of the *Parallel Lives* of Greeks and Romans somewhat different from the view which Mr Jones has put forward. Mr Jones tended to play down any intention by Plutarch to set the Greeks up in comparison against the Romans. To him, on the contrary, what the *Lives* really revealed was the essential *unity* of the two sides in the persons of the Roman rulers and those members of the Greek upper class who collaborated with them—notably Plutarch himself. Mr Russell agrees with this emphasis on the fateful partnership, but he would go further in supposing that Plutarch also has some rather more specific intention of standing up for the Greeks by a comparison of the two national achievements.

On the *Lives* in general, Mr Russell is somewhat brief, though he does have observations to make, including this warning :

> *Bion graphein*, "to write a life", carries connotations alien to modern concepts of biography . . . *Bios* means, roughly, "way of life", whether in an individual or a society . . . It also has some connotations of *ordinary* life, and is associated with the realism of comedy rather than with the grand topics of epic or, for that matter, history . . . One might almost say also that biography stood to history as the comedy of manners stood to tragedy.

But he does well to remind us that Plutarch's oeuvre includes not only the comparatively well-known forty-eight lives (all but four of which belong to the series of Greek and Roman "parallels") but also more than seventy other short treatises of miscellaneous content. Few read these essays today ; yet they provide an extraordinarily valuable insight into what people, or at any rate people like Plutarch, were thinking in the second century AD. Mr Russell rightly reminds us that it was in one portion of these *Moralia*, namely his dialogues, that his highest literary ambitions lay. He is going to have rather a hard job in getting us back to these on the whole somewhat wooden affairs. However, in fairness, let us hasten to agree that one of them, *Socrates' Sign (De Genio Socratis)*, shows, at least at certain points, "a clear eye for action, a powerful technique of suspense, the natural skill of the born story-teller". Incidentally, his appendix on the *Moralia* will prove helpful for reference purposes, because it gives a list of all these abundant compositions, with Greek and Latin equivalents, numerical references, and notes on early Latin and English translations.

About Plutarch's reading and religion, Mr Russell is judicious, and, to those who find something significant in this Antonine culture (as they should for social if not strictly cultural reasons), informative. Then he deals with the habit of moralizing, which figures so largely in a wide variety of ancient writers and in none more than Plutarch. Sometimes all this ethical emphasis seems pretty leaden, and in coming to the *Lives* Mr Russell acutely observes :

> It is one of the paradoxes of Plutarch that he can do two things : the moving narrative, with its suspense and pathos, its apt and concise detail ; and also the crude and prudish moral. This is that *naïveté de l'âme* which has often baffled or amused adult sophistication.

And yet it was both these factors, the moralizing as well as the fine story-telling, which through skilful translators or adapters such as Jacques Amyot and Thomas North kindled the imagination of later Europe, and brought about that supreme Plutarchian miracle, the classical play-writing of William Shakespeare. Mr Russell does nothing to show how Shakespeare employed and adapted his material, but he does describe, in some detail, how Amyot and North treated (and deviated from) their originals—in North's case, originals which were not first-hand, since "he did not consult the Greek, probably not even the Latin".

Plutarch is sensible and useful. Certainly, it falls short of inspiring any excitement. Yet that is perhaps Plutarch's fault. He has a curious range of qualities, of which posterity, at least until the nineteenth century, has often been very well aware : and once upon a time people *did* find him inspiring and exciting. But that seems a little odd today. Mr Russell is aware of this, and pitches his analyses in rather a low key. It is all very unassuming. All the same, it is this determined modesty which is responsible for one of the most stimulating remarks in the whole book—or so current and future researchers on the subject ought to find it : "The work of commenting on Plutarch, though it has been long pursued, has in some cases hardly begun."

Loci classici of dissent

DAVID DAUBE :

Civil Disobedience in Antiquity

167pp. Edinburgh University Press. £2.50.

Of all the brilliant legal historians who have contributed beyond the strict bounds of their own subject, David Daube is one of the most learned, humane and original. He sits at a crossways of cultures, where his Jewish and European background, his mastery of Roman law, his long residence in England, and his intelligent and immediate sympathy with the American young all contribute to his scholarly point of view. In what must and deserves to have been a very popular series of lectures, he has opened up a vast and fascinating field, which he has naturally not exhausted.

Civil disobedience in antiquity cannot be fully understood in a series of historical and legal anecdotes, whatever sharp and original insights the anecdotes may embody ; it must be related to the mass and the massive movements of ancient societies. The proud rebelliousness of Laberius to Julius Caesar is the sort of example which could have led to a deeper analysis, since it involves an important question of social class and the behaviour of a theatre audience. The theatre was a dangerous place for ancient dictators, and both the power of the crowd concentrated in a theatre or a circus as nowhere else and the attempts of dictators to harness that power illuminate the significance of civil disobedience.

Not is the activity of men of letters insignificant. Professor Daube rightly underlines the importance of the Jewish midwives who saved children from Pharaoh and of Antigone, and he makes the point that women were pushed into being heroines of disobedience by being outside ordinary power. But there is reason is the setting of the lectures, another case, that of the Bacchae. If it ended in violence, that was the responsibility of a god and of the victim of the violence. But when the god was the king's prisoner his interrogation was the very pattern of civil disobedience, and that is the sense in which Horace translates it in one of his poems, reading the ambiguous phrase "the god himself will free me when I wish", which he includes, in the sense "I can die".

This kind of willingness for suicide has ramifications in Roman history and in Stoicism, and dramatic representations like the interrogation scene in the *Bacchae* lie behind the conventions of the earliest Acts of the Martyrs, both Jewish and Christian. Professor Daube quotes a remark of the Midrash that "it is not the nature of man to destroy himself", and he argues wisely about this matter of conscience in several passages, since civil disobedience in antiquity was inevitably often suicidal. Horace, on the other hand, was also wise. The experience of his life taught him a good deal about such situations, and the distillation of it in his verse is powerful but not simple. Would it be a lost cause to suggest to the alienated young in American universities that they should study Horace ?

There is a good deal of hopping about in these lectures between the Bible, ancient myths and historical anecdotes, unfortunately at times with too little context of history or of historiography. No doubt the true explanation is the all-important connexion with the dilemmas of young Americans, the true centre of Professor Daube's preoccupation. "Your present lecturer is something of an adept at neither telling nor concealing but indicating." If the tone is to an English taste somewhat jaunty—a room in the Parthenon is called "a kind of Fort Knox", and we are told of "the blow that did Agamemnon in"—the

What is disheartening is a certain but since they arose from that setting then we must be grateful for such a leopard, spots and all.

Professor Daube indicates a great wealth of material, some of it unexpected and most of it opening on to strange and new perspectives. He notices the importance of Prometheus, and the connexion ... tion and imminent ... the Book of Daniel ... could have told us, also ... course in the Psalms, ... probably in the Sermon ... Mount. The death of Socr... a relatively full and at ... angled treatment. ... Josephus are thorough... One is sorry not to hear ... about the degree of civil ... gious rebellion inherent ... tory of early Egyptian ... patchiness, a raking ... gravel. There are ... Aristophanes, for example, ... gether with the use of an ... translation, inspire ... Professor Daube's inward ... that great and importan... there is more to be said ... three youths in the fiery ... we are told, particularly ... long and important ... graphy. God is going to ... they are not going to be ... cause God always does ... absolutely just ; this is ... God is the same as being ... just : someone will put you ... or falsely accuse you, but ... save you. This simple, ... profound belief is ... Judaism and Christianity ... near the root of religio... civil disobedience. It is the ... of martyrdom.

Massive secular civil d... on the other hand, is ... weapon : Aristophanes ... contemplates it, but ... fantasy, because in a ... cracy it could hardly have ... result than total revol... action of Roman women ... dress law, of which Profe... gives a fascinating account ... other hand more like a strike ... like slaves, being outside ... light of ordinary power. ... course there is also the ... axiom which he puts ... that "violent self-help ... civil", but a full discuss... would enter the modern ... civil resistance as ... which is right outside the ... the lectures.

[S]panish facts

... BAREA :

[For]ging of a Rebel

[Translate]d by Ilsa Barea

[Dav]is-Poynter. £5.

[Var]ious novels contain an ele[ment of] autobiography, but it seldom ... so high a proportion of the ... in Arturo Barea's trilogy, [The For]ging of a Rebel. It recalls ... [recon]structs three long episodes ..., which are not consecutive : ... [childho]od and early youth, up to ... service as a sergeant in ... Army in Morocco in the ... and his conversion by the ... of the 1930s from a success... [profe]ssional man into a passion... [partisa]n of the Republic against Franco. Consequently it is ... autobiographical : it is also, ... in the later parts of the trilogy, ... historical novel in the sense ... only a contemporary work ... historical—that is to say, it ... actual events as they were ..., rather than resurrecting ... historical research.

... well be questioned ... a book in which actuality ... completely replaced invention ... be called a novel at all. ... would be is due to a quality ... which takes the ... invention. The framework ... one of strict fact : that ... itself. There are necessary elements of fiction : at ... of the recollections of ... childhood, and virtually all ...; for these things, however ... to life, cannot be presented over a period of fifty ... is some artistic selection ... picking out the years to ... and the years to omit. ... Spanish critic re... when the trilogy was first ... in its entirety in Spanish ... years ago, that autobio... Spaniards were rare. ... perhaps lucky for Barea, ... that he had no tradition to ..., and none to break ... book was essentially the ... kind.

... imagination which went into ... of it was slow to ... in his own conscious... had an ambition to write ... early age, but no idea what ... he stumbled on to his genre while working as a broadcaster in Madrid, under siege in the Civil War ; and it was his Austrian colleague, later his wife, who convinced him that he had literary talent. (She later translated the whole of his trilogy into English—a phenomenal achievement for a woman whose first language was German and who knew no Spanish until the Civil War.) The striking characteristic of his style, to which broadcasting must have contributed, is its extremely concrete realism. Describing his own progress as a writer, he remarks :

> I caught myself putting down too many general statements and reflections which I believed but could not check, because they did not grow out of my own experience and mind.
>
> I tried to wipe the slate of my mind clean of all reasoning and to go back to my beginnings, to things which I had smelled, seen, touched and felt and which had hammered me into shape by their impact.

It is characteristic of his unsparing self-analysis that he should see so precisely what he had to do, and then do it. Equally characteristic is the immediately following sentence : "At the beginning of my conscious life I found my mother."

He was a lonely and introspective man, whose life was dominated by his mother, notwithstanding two marriages, a long-term mistress and a variety of other women. Indeed, the merciless self-criticism of his egoistic conduct towards women is a prominent aspect of his self-analysis. It is never brooding, abstract or equivocal : he simply writes what he did, and said, and felt. In the same way his early life with his mother, who earned her living as a washerwoman in a Madrid slum, becomes a physical reality. So too does his involvement in two wars. His sense of personal involvement embraces not only his fellow-men, including the enemy, but animate and inanimate nature as well. His account of an air raid ends thus :

> The wounded garden caught hold of me. I could not conceive that a wound to any living thing was a matter of indifference. The whole war was there in the trees and plants torn by a bomb, in the frog killed by blast. This was the first story I wrote on the cured typewriter.

Even in his most philosophical vein, his thought is developed entirely in concrete images. Several pages in the first volume of the trilogy speculate on the meaning of life. The Church, brothels, trains, women, hungry sparrows, snow, the theatre, soldiers, school, toys, rich men's mansions, his mother's attic—these are the images through which he tries to elucidate the problem. In the second volume, the central image is a road in North Africa which he helps to construct, for an unknown purpose, to an unknown destination. The frightfulness of war obtrudes itself in brutally direct terms, which grow in scale and intensity in the third volume. Barea records with compassion but without compunction what he and his friends did because they believed in "a new free Spain of free people". The difference between him and the others was that they "were driven by the forces unleashed or by their blind faith : but I was forced to think".

He was also forced to write. "I was just a vessel that must empty itself of its contents." The result is a powerful and imaginative work of autobiographical realism. Whether it is a true picture of Spain in the first half of the twentieth century is hardly for English readers to judge though they would probably like to be assured that it is. At a number of points Barea admits to being an untypical Spaniard. "I wouldn't have thought that Spanish people could behave like this", a colleague remarked of his simultaneous involvement with three women. He shared his fellow-socialists' detestation of priests, yet regarded two in succession as among the most formative influences in his life. He suffered from a permanent sense of alienation from his surroundings, first as a poor boy in a Jesuit school, then as an educated NCO among illiterate soldiers, then as a bourgeois trade unionist in a prosperous village near Madrid, finally as a conscientiously dedicated rebel in the midst of the corruption and collapse of the Spanish Republic. He craved roots and security, and found them at last in England with his second wife. He was a unique man and wrote a unique book, every word of which rings true.

Ars brevis

HELGA VON HEINTZE :

Roman Art

200pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £2.25.

Helga von Heintze is a highly respected student of Roman sculpture, and in particular of Roman portrait sculpture ; backed by the enviable resources of the German Archaeological Institute, she has assembled a range of illustration which is broadly representative of the subject while containing a very fair proportion of unfamiliar pieces ; this illustration is admirably reproduced and the accompanying text, though open to criticism in detail, is always to the point and contains many good things.

The weakest section is that on architecture, which contains a number of minor errors and, in its account of the Pantheon, at least one major blunder. Or is it a blunder ? One of the weaknesses of the formula is that one has no means of knowing what lies behind the author's more doubtful assertions. In this instance, is it by intent or inadvertence that she resurrects the notion of the porch ("vestibule") of the Pantheon as a later (Antonine) modification of Hadrian's building and describes the dome as constructed of a series of relieving arches ? Another weakness is the apparent lack of an editor capable of supervising the technical aspects of the translation. It reads so smoothly and fluently that one's eye slides all too unsuspectingly over such statements as orientation being "a feature quite alien to the Greek Temple", or (on the same page) that the nucleus of "the old Roman house consists of a central court, the *atrium*". The former may simply be careless writing by the author, who presumably means to say that the unquestionable orientation of a building such as the Parthenon was not emphasized in the exter... its architecture. But one ... that the word here tra... "court" would have be... translated in the ... "hall" grows when in ... sion one finds reference ... "Appius" aqueduct, to ... hanging" roofs of the ... basilica at Pompeii, to ... "steps" (i e, seats of the ... theatre at Pompeii, to the ... (i e, the horizontal ... many terraced Roman ... so on.

The informed reader ... nize the author's ... though individually ... latively such errors do ... the value of a book which ... primarily at the general ... and large, however, this ... excellent contribution to ... and one for which, at the ... the specialist will be ... space on his shelves.

Lex romana

H. F. JOLOWICZ and BARRY NICHOLAS :

Historical Introduction to the Study of Roman Law

528pp. Cambridge University Press. £15.

Jolowicz first appeared in 1932 and at once took its place as the student's standard historical background to Roman law studies—clear in style, lucid in exposition, comprehensive in range and reference to other literature, a work characterized, one may say without disrespect, by its reliability rather than by audacity of opinion. Jolowicz produced a second edition in 1952 which was essentially the original work with updated references and addenda at the end of the book taking account of developments to date. By contrast, this third edition is a completely fresh version, though the number of chapters is slightly increased, the format is slimmer and the work has been attractively reset in a new and clear type.

That the name of Professor Nicholas should join that of the original author is abundantly justified on a perusal of the work. While retaining all the merits of the original, Professor Nicholas has wholly revised the book and, though he disclaims in his preface any attempt at exhaustive footnote reference to contemporary literature, the apparatus that does appear eloquently testifies to the width of ... and the sagacity of his ... Nowhere perhaps is his ... cisely to explain ... issue, productive of much ... better revealed than in the ... on double citizenship, ... acteristic of the quality ... whole revitalized work. The ... impeccably produced and ... place as an authoritative ... student and teacher alike ... factor is to be regretted ... was originally conceived ... successful as a student's ... published as a ... £15 what should be a ... must, being realistic, be ... garded as a library ... ence so far as the vast ... students are concerned.

[Tw]enty years after

... BAKER :

... as Artist

[Prin]ceton University Press. [Lon]don : Oxford University Press. [Pap]erback, £1.40).

[Ba]ker's *Hemingway : the Artist* has been a useful ... to the subject for the ... years, and it is good to ... edition bringing it up to ... the third edition appeared ... major works by Hemingway ... been posthumously published ... *Moveable Feast* and ... *the Stream*—and a new ... each is included in this fourth edition. Also, Professor Baker's biographical researches, which culminated in his *Ernest Hemingway : a Life Story* (1969), made it necessary to attend to the numerous errors which had found their way into the earlier sections. Those have now been corrected, and the first two chapters have been entirely rewritten.

As an introductory and background study, Professor Baker's book is more informative and reliable than any other work in its field, and from this point of view the new edition is completely justified. Critically, however, it is less satisfying. Both the new chapters are disappointing. The account of *A Moveable Feast* is distorted by the amount of attention given to Hemingway's malicious reminiscences of fellow-writers. Professor Baker has, by contrast, almost nothing to say about those concerns that make the book powerful and moving : at times—the nostalgic record of early happiness, and the incomparable evocation of a young artist's feeling his way towards the composition of his greatest work. It seems grotesque, for instance, to quote in detail what Hemingway has to say about Wyndham Lewis and Ford Madox Ford, or to speculate at length on whether the "Hal" who disturbed him at his writing one morning is Harold Acton or not, while not mentioning the passage in which he describes the genesis of "Big Two-Hearted River". The chapter on *Islands in the Stream* contains an inordinately detailed summary of the plot and virtually no worthwhile critical discussion whatever.

It seems churlish to disparage a book which was so stimulating—and so nearly on its own—when it first appeared in 1952, but it must be said that the chapters which remain unchanged since then do not improve on renewed acquaintance. In a sense it is the very fact of their reappearance in a new edition—of one's being forced to respond to them as parts of a new book—which illuminates them so harshly. Hemingway has been read and discussed a great deal since 1952, and what was helpful and original then is not necessarily very striking now. Professor Baker might, after all, have been wiser to leave students of Hemingway with grateful memories of help received at a time when it was hard to come by, rather than to remind them of the sad truth that little literary criticism is worth reading after the lapse of twenty years.

In 1955 Jonathan Cape issued simultaneously two editions of *The Mint* by T. E. Lawrence. One was an unexpurgated text in a limited edition ; the other an expurgated version, which was reprinted later in the same year.

The Mint amounts to an anthology of excerpts from the "day book" which Lawrence kept during his service with the Royal Air Force as Aircraftman Ross. There are impressionistic sketches of life at the depot at Uxbridge and of his months at Cranwell (where "I think I had become happy") and skilfully etched portraits of his fellow recruits and the impact of the realities of barrack-room life upon them.

The same publisher has now reissued the unexpurgated edition, with minor revisions (206pp. £3.50).

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Experiodical

DONALD H. REIMAN (Editor):
The Romantics Reviewed
Part A: *The Lake Poets.* 2 volumes, 892pp.
Part B: *Byron and Regency Society Poets.* 5 volumes, 2,338pp.
Part C: *Shelley, Keats, and London Radical Writers.* 2 volumes, 869pp.
New York: Garland. $33 each, $295 the set.

WILLIAM S. WARD (Compiler):
A Bibliography of Literary Reviews in British Periodicals, 1798-1820
2 volumes. New York: Garland. $55 the set.

IN 1802 that great and good man Sydney Smith wrote to the publisher Archibald Constable that if he were to pay the editor and the contributors of his new *Edinburgh Review* handsomely (prudently Smith spelt out the degree of handsomeness: it came to between three and five times the usual rate) he would "soon have the best review in Europe". Constable complied, and soon had the best review in Europe.

However much the inevitability of this sequence of events may strike a literary reviewer as having a satisfying justness, it must be admitted that there were other factors which helped the *Edinburgh* to its success. The youth and vigour of its contributors and the fierce editorial independence of Francis Jeffrey may have added something. But for whatever reason, the rigour and seriousness of the *Edinburgh*—its motto was *judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*—ushered in a new era in journalism.

There had been studies of the periodicals in general, and the isolated article such as those by R. G. Cox in *Scrutiny*, but serious study of Romantic reviewing did not begin before John Wain's *Contemporary Reviews of Romantic Poetry* (1953). This was drawn from the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, and *Blackwood's Magazine* — the "heavies" as we should say (although *Blackwood's* was lively and maverick, something like the *Spectator*). Later students of Romantic reviewing like Theodore Redpath and J. O. Hayden in their anthologies and surveys have made us familiar with the lesser periodicals of the day. Study of the reviews is asked no longer simply to provide "helpful criticism" of the writers reviewed (roughly that was Mr Wain's criterion of selection) but to yield information about reading habits and expectations of the various sections of the "reading public". Demand for more material for this sort of study is being met (some might unkindly say "is being created") for individual writers by the various volumes of the "Critical Heritage" series.

The present enormous collection of reviews covers this ground with something like total completeness (within its limits) and appeals to a different audience from the earlier studies. It is lightly annotated, and therefore of little use for the student, presumably only libraries will be able to afford it.

But for the scholar its completeness will be useful, especially because it reprints widely from a selection of periodicals that in the British Museum's collections seems to have particularly suffered from enemy action during the war. *The Romantics Reviewed* contains, photographically reproduced, "all contemporary British periodical reviews of the first (or other significant early) editions" from 1793 to 1824 of works by the main Romantic poets. There are a few additional reviews of works by other Romantic poets and writers, but these do not quite make up the "substantial number" that Donald Reiman claims.

Within the three uneven groups—A: Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb; B: Byron, Rogers, Campbell, Moore; and C: Shelley, Keats, Godwin, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, and Mary Shelley—the periodicals are arranged alphabetically, and reviews from each periodical are arranged chronologically. The periodicals are briefly characterized, and there is some information in the headnotes to each review. This information is agreeably casual and at times engaging, as when Dr Reiman indulges a hot spurt of hatred at the work of whatever anonymous hack he is meticulously preserving for posterity. Sometimes he could have done more by way of identification, and the odd date is given wrong (the *Monthly Magazine* ran until 1843, not 1825).

There is a definite need for more cross-referencing. An enormous review of Byron's *Don Juan* in the *Investigator* (October 1822) also deals with Shelley's *Queen Mab*, and other "licentious productions", details of Shelley's life, and so on. This review is reprinted in the relevant *Byron* volume, but there is no reference under *Investigator* in the Shelley volume, and the student of Shelley could find it only by chance through the index. And the index is at the end of the whole set of nine volumes — a serious deficiency. When there is so much else that has been photographed it should surely have been possible to include the index—which anyway is only of moderate usefulness—at the end of each bulky volume.

The chronological limitations (1793-1824) are sensibly chosen. The cut-off point at 1824 must be arbitrary, but fortunately *The Wellesley Index to Victorian Periodicals* takes this year as its starting point. There is much ... Byron material in the ... mostly retrospectives ... of biographies but Dr Rei... ably felt that the bulk of ... material, which eclipses ... the others poets put tog... already getting out of ...

The range of journals ... ing, and credit for the ... completeness must go to ... graphical work of W. S. ... though its content is ... is heartening to know th... a record somewhere ... which exists "only in ... weekly number"—Sept... 1814—and prints co... Wordsworth's *Excursi...* Byron's *Bride of Abydos* ... duly reprinted here. The ... periodicals have been ... *Analecta, The Cambridge ... Review, The Council of ... Freethinking Christians' ... Register, The Gridiron, The ... politan Literary Journal, ... mathic Journal, The Re... Modern Literature*, and ... *set House Gazette*. None ... significant.

Dr Reiman's self-impo... tion to *reviews* leaves ... deal, and the serious st... contemporary receptio... poets, although he will ... do a great deal with the... will still need to consult ... the periodicals themselves ... the comment he will ... comes in the form of ... something else, genera... articles, biographical ... simply gossip. Perhaps ... quarter and a third of ... written about Byron in the ... cal press was not by way ... reviews but comes under ... ternative" heading which ... man ignores.

William S. Ward's *Lit... views in British Periodi... 1820: A Bibliography*, a ... sion of *The Criticism of ... British Periodicals* ... *list of reviews* (Lexington ... available in conjunction ... *Romantics Reviewed*, br... whole set to eleven very ... expensive volumes.

Frills and thrift

The Lady's Realm
288pp. Arrow Books. £1.50.

Whom might it have concerned, that "little point with regard to dress" which a guest invited to a house party graced by the presence of the King and Queen should never lose sight of—that, besides being fully provided for the necessary changes demanded by Society rules, the situation of the mansion, time of year, functions arranged and the rest, they should not omit to take both mourning and half-mourning? Not a mantle of sables to a chinchilla tippet, not those who were regularly members of house parties at Chatsworth, or Lowther, or Badminton or Eastwell, whether graced by the presence of Their Majesties or otherwise. Such could be guaranteed to know that, as King Edward and Queen Alexandra were closely related to many foreign courts, occasions for mourning were frequent and often sudden, and that it was etiquette for every guest to appear in exactly the same degree of mourning or half-mourning as the Sovereigns.

It was, surely, in homes less stately that readers of *The Lady's Realm*, here presented in selections from November 1904 to April 1905, stored away such vital knowledge for use in a future, somewhere over the rainbow, in which they, too, might come face to face with the King, "seated on his shooting stool which . . . gives [him] the appearance of being seated in the air", and looking "the picture of a jovial country gentleman", or attending a vice-regal reception at Simla, amid "swarms of native servants in gorgeous uniforms of scarlet and gold and white turbans", or meet at a ball in London a debutante who was "charmingly pretty, with a flower-like face", who "[bids] fair to become one of the new beauties". Miss Clementine Hozier was to become also the wife of Winston Churchill.

In the here and now those readers had their own problems, which could be even more urgent than deciding whether bridge was immoral. They, or more probably their daughters, might be drawn towards hockey, where the roughness of the mixed game was partly made up for by the fact that it gave "a vast amount of exercise in a short space of time", or by careers. The lady milliner, they would learn, had raised her craft to fine art, but "it costs far more to start a milliner's shop than a tea-room". For private secretaries, "private influence is usually an important factor". Sanitary inspectors needed tact and "a cheerful courage", their training they could get for 3 guineas at the Sanitary Institute in Margaret Street.

Daughters who were drawn to neither, or, alternatively, who had worked through both, could learn how to furnish a flat with economy: off the peg an apartment comprising hall, dining and drawing-rooms, a bedroom and servant's bedroom, bathroom and kitchen could be furnished and equipped for £100.

The relatively short time-lag means that the soft underbelly of social history just within living memory which is presented in the magazines of the period is inevitably faintly comic. All the more reason for stressing that our grandmothers were not idiots, nor consistently treated as such by magazine publishers. A notice of the Ionides Collection is enthusiastic about Degas; E. Keble Chatterton's "Plays and Players of the Month" could be uncompromising about the more piffling of current drawing-room comedies as well as spotting a winner and a stayer in "the one play of the month which stands out conspicuously above the other productions, whether written for children or grown-up children: *Peter Pan, or The Boy who wouldn't Grow Up*". Beyond the well-draped casements, too, the wind of change was rising; "We may hope and believe, however, that as the Englishwoman becomes more powerful and independent she will be able to do without the wiles of the courtezan and insist upon her dignity as the American woman does", writes A Spinster, who tells "The Truth About Man" in seven instalments, and more to come.

A selected list of recent reprints appears on page 361.

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...g, bigger

... A. ROBSON and D. E. ... (Editors):
...ies of the World
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... Unwin. £18 the set.

... once made the point that ... greatness was not to be ... by the size of its population ... *Great Cities of the World* ... time over useless definitions ... parameters of greatness ..., no more. And while ... A. Robson expects great ... show signs of distinction in ... and sciences, it is clear that ... of entries in this series ... depends less on cultural ..., architectural splendour ... alone industrial potential, ... influence, democratic con... even—than on the availability of suitable contributors, of ... only six from the original ... have survived from the edition.

... students of cities, and ... particularly of city government ... welcome the third edition ... well-known and important ... material now spreads ... volumes, which contain an ... amount of painstakingly ... information, unobtainable ... elsewhere except at great ... The number of cities dealt ... increased by four to twenty-... of which appear for the ...

... of changes have ... the matter of city government ... since the last edition in ... it was possible to write ... instance have we been ...'s municipal govern... for the major ... the metropolitan area, or ... the metropolitan community ... that area". In the present ... Professor Robson is able to ... progress, but sadly, that ... five or six of the world's ... cities has any serious ... been made to provide the ... community with a ... government designed to ... present and future needs ... to organization, services, ... coordination, planning or ... control, and even in ... exceptional ... the ... taken ... barely ... might be drawn from all this material that great cities become great or remain so irrespective of, perhaps despite, their differing methods of government; the variable quality of their planning, even the quality of their governors.

A picture is painted of cities all over the world facing common problems. Some of them are touched on, though the general impression given is that the principal metropolitan problems of today are constitutional. That "the great city of today lives by a miracle" is only too evident when some labour dispute or public transport breakdown disrupts the complex urban operations that we tend to take for granted. And in the midst of affluence there is poverty and degradation and the erosion of law and order, all of which have important implications for government, politics, and planning. Yet there is little here about the hollow core and the ex-urban tide, the twilight belt, the rise of advocacy planning or the reasons for it.

When the first edition of this work appeared in 1954 the opening essay by Professor Robson formed a valuable introduction to the urban trends of that time; it may even have been an influence on some of the changes that have occurred since. It is still a valuable comparative summary. The present version, though "extensively revised and enlarged", is nevertheless the same essay updated to accommodate the changed contents in the rest of the work, including such important moves as the reorganization of London government in 1965. Yet much else has happened during the past twenty years in urban affairs. New theories and attitudes have developed: Public participation has become a fashionable idea if not a widespread activity. Town planning has extended its range and scale; it is more concerned than it used to be, or so it is sometimes claimed, with social and economic issues; its style and techniques have altered as well as the kind of professional brought in to advise. Corporate planning, PPBS and other management techniques are forces to be reckoned with.

One of the difficulties of writing about cities and their planning is the serial and evolving nature of the modern planning process. Professor Robson still has a touching belief in the ability of a master plan to put everything right and his vision of the future is stale propaganda for old policies that, in this country at any rate, have been overtaken by events.

...ving us

...WARD and RENÉ DUBOS:
...
...Maintenance of a Small ...
André Deutsch. £2.95. Paperback, 45p.

...ASMANN:
... Peril?
... the Biosphere Today
... Paperback, 80p.

...d and René Dubos have ... what is probably ... best recent studies ... environmental difficul... their possible solu... Commoner's phrase ... is connected to every... is implicit in the ... of *Only One Earth*. ... mental problem must ... in its economic, politi... and psychological ... as well as in terms of its ... obvious biological and ... causes. ... Earth is to affect a ... the 1972 United Nations ... the Human Environ... than 150 individuals ... at least half of ... written material as ... comment and Dr ... Dubos have pulled it all ... and produced a coherent ... inevitably their conclu... what a layman might ... but they are funda... international cooperation ... and mobilize and to share ... of just what we are ... environment is essential ... resources are not to be wasted on treating minor or nonexistent disorders; secondly, nations must realize that it is in their own interests to regulate economic and political competition, as in the past they have, for instance, agreed to share broadcasting wavelengths. The authors suggest that national loyalties are less and less relevant, that what is needed is "a wider loyalty which transcends the traditional limited allegiance of tribes and peoples".

R. F. Dasmann's book has more limited objectives. He offers an historical survey of man's interactions with his environment up to the present day, as the background to UNESCO's "Man and the Biosphere" programme. This he does very competently, and in less than 100 pages, calmly, humanely and without distracting imputations of blame. He then looks more briefly at the start of efforts at conservation over the past few hundred years, and the possible objectives of conservation policy. He conjectures that we would all reject minimum subsistence for maximum numbers of people, but suggests that if we seek maximum material standards for the same numbers then "the continued existence of mankind would be in doubt".

Thus we must seek some compromise, a quality of living for optimum numbers, which does not necessarily mean "efficiently utilizing all of the Earth's available natural resources" as a United Nations scientific committee once declared. What that quality may be, and how many will enjoy it, our children and grandchildren may have the chance to decide, and the "Man and Biosphere" programme and others will provide them with some of the data they need.

Cold, colder

B. W. SPARKS and R. G. WEST:
The Ice Age in Britain
302pp plus 44 plates. Methuen. £5.50.

The Pleistocene ice age, the last major event in the geological history of Britain, began about 1 million years ago and ended as recently as 8,000 years before the present. The evidence for a great southward extension of the ice cap in the northern hemisphere comes from landforms characteristic of glaciation in areas where no permanent ice remains, and from extensive deposits diagnostic of glacial conditions.

In Britain the landforms are seen in their finest development in mountain and upland areas, the Scottish Highlands, Southern Uplands, the Lake District and in Wales; they include screes (indicating freeze-thaw processes), corries, *arêtes* and pyramidal peaks, u-shaped valleys, overdeepened rock basins, and *roches moutonnées*. The deposits include ground moraine left behind by the ice, particularly boulder clay; and various sand and gravel deltas, ravines, eskers and sheets left by englacial and proglacial water; also lake clays, often laminated. The moulding of boulder clay into drumlins is particularly seen in lowlands adjacent to the mountains, as in the Vale of Eden, Low Furness and central Ireland.

The significance of landforms and deposits was clearly recognized during last century and the task of deciphering the detailed sequence of events of Pleistocene times was begun. It soon became evident that the data could be interpreted as indicating a number of advances and retreats of the ice sheets and valley glaciers, but correlation of these events on a countrywide scale has produced many difficulties. Perhaps too much has been expected of the lowland areas such as northern England and Ireland near the mountains where the true glacial deposits are best developed.

The outstanding contribution made by the distinguished school of glaciologists at Cambridge to which R. W. Sparks and R. G. West belong has been to exploit the less obviously interesting area of East Anglia, remote from the mountains and the thick glacial sequences, but possessing the important advantage that here the glacial and glaciofluvial sediments contain, imbedded with them, peat deposits formed during interglacial periods and capable of dating both by micropalaeontological methods (for example, the study of spore and pollen sequences) and by carbon isotope procedures.

It is understandable that *The Ice Age in Britain* lays great emphasis on the East Anglian evidence; some may think it disproportionate, but here alone in Britain is it possible to establish a dated succession of events capable of critical scientific appraisal. In East Anglia, too, there are marine deposits belonging to the Lower Pleistocene, so that the transition from marine to glacial sedimentation can be discerned. Among the preglacial deposits, temperate stages are recorded by estuarine silts and muds at four different levels. Three glacial advances are recorded, separated by interglacial temperate deposits of the Hoxnian and Ipswichian interglacials. It may well be that the present time is part of a third interglacial period.

The authors emphasize that the events in Britain cannot be fitted in with the classical fourfold-glaciation picture worked out in the Alps by Penck and Bruckner. It is a "herculean task", they say, to eliminate this from thinking in this country. But they propose correlations with three of the major Pleistocene events in northern Europe, the evidence for which comes from the Low Countries and the North German Plain.

The book is particularly interesting for its clear account of the evolution of the vegetation in and around Britain at this critical period; it also contains excellent chapters on the animals, and on man, whose cultural remains are found in deposits from the interglacial periods. The methodology is assessed in a final chapter, in which a reconstruction of the climate and relief of the Ipswichian interglacial period is attempted. Though much progress has certainly been made during the twenty years in which Dr Sparks and Professor West have been active in this field, it is even now not possible to fill in more than the outlines of the picture. This is exactly how a geological-botanical-zoological-archaeological study should conclude, for clearly a vast field of interdisciplinary research is opening up.

Although unnecessary terminology is avoided, this is not a popular book. For those willing to give it serious attention, however, its clear presentation has something to offer in all four disciplines.

Exploring frontiers

CHRISTOPHER BOARD, RICHARD J. CHORLEY, PETER HAGGETT and DAVID R. STODDART (Editors):
Progress in Geography
International Reviews of Current Research
Volume 4
299pp. Edward Arnold. £4.25.

Exploration of territories was once the preoccupation of geographers who ventured forth to observe, record and interpret little-known lands. Few such territories remain, but journeys of discovery continue to be undertaken by geographers who today set out instead to map the changing frontiers of knowledge both within geography itself and in its relations with other disciplines. This is the fourth volume in a series which aims to seek out some paths to progress by presenting essays which are constructively critical syntheses of particular fields of research. The six articles here discuss in turn geographical interpretations of data on river-water quality, the potentialities and problems of adopting a systems approach to the study of change in human geography, the geography of manufacturers, models of intra-urban residential patterns, numerical methods for map analysis, and some problems of metropolitan regional analysis.

Given the very rapid rate of growth of publications of interest to geographers, such a volume of essays provides a valuable service in constituting a means whereby researchers may keep abreast of developments in their own and in related fields, both of which are important for teaching and also for research. With only one exception, the essays are accompanied by useful and extensive bibliographies. Two restrict themselves to being essentially critical and interdisciplinary reviews of particular fields, being bases from which to set out on some relatively unbeaten trails. Ian Douglas's on river-water quality, having first viewed the problem in the appropriate geochemical and biochemical contexts, concentrates on spatial and temporal variations in this phenomenon and then discusses particular aspects of the problem. John Langton's on the systems approach ranges widely in the literature but curiously fails to consider two of the few published discussions of systems in geography—those of D. C. Foote and B. Greer-Wootten and of T. J. Wilbanks and R. Symanski in *The Professional Geographer* (1968).

Keeping his options open, Mr Langton concludes that the euphoria which has sometimes accompanied the discussion of systems theory in geographical literature is unjustified, for the theory provides a set of concepts which are simultaneously both unrivalled in their potential analytical scope and frequently untestable in practice, given the problems of positive feedback, of data deficiencies and of the scale and the complexity of phenomena and problems of interest to geographers.

One of the merits of such essays is that they do identify and define precisely the exact nature of difficulties of this sort. Thus, while considerable progress is clearly being made at the moment in developing increasingly sophisticated techniques for map pattern analysis, a fundamental problem remains of giving substantive interpretation to mathematical form, of viewing models of surface form in the context of geographical theory.

Another merit of these essays is their emphasis on the limitations of existing theories anyway. If the sound of progress is indeed that of plummeting theories, then it is certainly to be heard when reading this book, which often demolishes existing theoretical structures; and occasionally lays the foundations for new ones. Urban residential patterns in New Zealand and Latin America are examined by R. J. Johnston both to highlight the limitations of J. F. Schnore's evolutionary model and to begin a move towards a more general model of urban spatial form through an analysis of social processes. A similar demolition and construction job may be seen in Howard A. Stafford's progress towards a model of the decision process in industrial location.

In sum, these exploratory essays suggest that the path towards progress is more difficult and the journey more arduous than was anticipated in the heady atmosphere of revolution a decade ago. But they also demonstrate that geography has advanced a long way since then.

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Finding Fitzgerald

MATTHEW J. BRUCCOLI:

F. Scott Fitzgerald: A Descriptive Bibliography

369pp. University of Pittsburgh Press. $19.95.

Matthew J. Bruccoli has made a valuable contribution to Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway scholarship during the past ten years. *The Composition of "Tender is the Night": a Study of the Manuscripts* (1963) was the first important textual study of the work of either writer, and it is characteristic of the quality of Professor Bruccoli's concern with literature that he should have begun with a problem that concerns critics and readers as much as scholars. Since then he has edited several useful collections of previously unpublished letters and juvenilia by the two novelists, and, through his editorship of the *Fitzgerald/Hemingway Annual*, he has helped to coordinate the work of others and to give up-to-date information about what is being done. *F. Scott Fitzgerald: A Descriptive Bibliography* is the culmination of this work.

Its appearance indicates a welcome trend as well as being an important event in its own right. The textual and bibliographical study of American literature is at a critical stage in its development. The great collaborative effort to produce definitive editions of the major nineteenth-century authors will soon be over (an enterprise in which Professor Bruccoli is also concerned, as Chairman of the MLA Center for Editions of American Authors). The next phase of activity will clearly be to bring the same qualities of scholarship to bear on twentieth-century writers like Fitzgerald who have already attained classic status. Because of copyright restrictions, definitive editions cannot be envisaged for a long time. In such a situation, textual studies, bibliographies, and aids to emending the editions put out by commercial publishers have the greatest value.

The bibliography is a model for all such studies. It lists all printed items for which Fitzgerald's authorship can be established, and therefore complements Jackson R. Bryer's *The Critical Reputation of F. Scott Fitzgerald* (1967), which lists books and articles about the author. Its detailed descriptions of each issue and state of every printing of the novels, short story collections, and plays will be of interest primarily to the book collector, but in other ways it will be very valuable to the student of Fitzgerald.

Many of his stories remain uncollected in the magazines where they first appeared; his letters have been published piecemeal at intervals over the past quarter of a century; the newspaper interviews he gave and material from his manuscripts, quoted by critics and biographers but not published elsewhere, are often hard to locate: Professor Bruccoli provides well-organized and exhaustive listings of all these items. The book is lavishly illustrated with photographs of jackets and title pages, and it is good to have these brought together, since Fitzgerald held strong views about the physical appearance of his books. What he has to say about the jackets of *The Beautiful and Damned* and *The Great Gatsby* in correspondence with Maxwell Perkins tells one a good deal about his attitude to the novels themselves.

Professor Bruccoli has done a fine piece of work, and not the least of his good qualities is his entire lack of pretentiousness. Many bibliographers these days try to turn their craft into a mystery, but he is practical and businesslike. The way in which he sets out his methods and criteria in his introduction—the implied thoroughness and clarity of mind—are far more impressive than any degree of mystification.

Bookloving

DAVID LOW:

"with all faults"

118pp. Tehran: The Amate Press. Distributed by David Low Booksellers Ltd, Emmington, Chinnor, Oxford. £3.

The pre-interested reader of David Low's agreeable volume of reminiscences will know the meaning of his characteristically diffident title. For anyone who does not, a current manual for bibliophiles defines it thus: "When an auctioneer adds to the description of an ordinary book the words *sold not subject to return*, or the initials *w.a.f.* (with all faults), it is because he fears or suspects that it is imperfect." Mr Low's exotic publisher need have no such fear. "Secondhand booksellers", writes Graham Greene (himself a book collector) in his introduction, "are among the most friendly and the most eccentric of all the characters I have known. If I had not been a writer, theirs would have been the profession I would most happily have chosen." The author of "*with all faults*" is not himself, as it happens, notably eccentric, though there are plenty of that happy breed among his lively character sketches; but the evidence of Mr Greene's other characteristic is present on virtually every page. Mr Low has been in the antiquarian book business for nearly half a century, and it is abundantly, if unemphatically, clear throughout these reminiscences that he has thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it.

It has been remarked before now that while antiquarian booksellers are great talkers, they have been curiously reluctant—is it modesty among those who earn their daily bread from the works of the great writers of the past?—to put their often remarkable experiences into print. Lackington's memoirs were an early exception; in recent years we have had the very readable reminiscences of Millicent Sowerby and Maurice Ettinghausen, Percy Muir's *Minding My Own Business* and David Randall's *Dukedom Large Enough*; and in Edwin Wolf II's *Rosenbach* we were given a richly detailed portrait of one spectacular bookseller. Mr Low's book deserves a particular welcome on two counts. The first is that the author's extraordinarily retentive memory for dates and addresses and his exceptionally wide acquaintance in the trade makes this a most useful contribution to the history of a sparsely documented business. The second, which can be appreciated by the general reader as well as the bibliophile or the historian, is for its engaging account of the happy and affectionate life of a man who always seems to have found something good as well as amusing in everyone he did business with, whether it was in Scotland or France or on his home pitch for so many years, Cecil Court, London WC2.

Spellbinding

TREVOR H. HALL:

Old Conjuring Books

224pp. Duckworth. £12 (£9 until May).

The sub-title of Trevor Hall's book sufficiently indicates its scope: "A Bibliographical and Historical Study with a supplementary checklist"; and a foreword is contributed by John Horden of the Institute of Bibliography and Textual Criticism at the University of Leeds. The check-list is supplementary to Dr Hall's pioneer work, *A Bibliography of Books on Conjuring in English from 1580 to 1850*, published by Carl Waring Jones (a scion of the great book collector Herschel V. Jones) at Minneapolis in 1957. Both deal with the span of years running from the works of Thomas Hill, Reginald Scot and Hugh Plat through the prolific seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the time of *The Young Man's Book of Amusement*, that immensely popular 384-page compendium published in 1839 and thrice reissued during the following decade.

Dr Hall is an experienced collector himself, and addresses several chapters directly to his fellow-collectors. He is also, despite a modest disclaimer, quite sufficient of a bibliographer for his purpose; and his detailed examination of those two complicated books, *Mathematicall Recreations* 1633 and *Select Amusements in Philosophy and Mathematics* 1801, are thoroughly scholarly exercises. This book will be required reading for his fellow-addicts, but it will also commend itself to a wider public by its author's easy command of his fascinating if esoteric subject and his agreeable lightness of touch as a learned and responsible historian.

Our review of *The Classical Papers of A. E. Housman* (February 9) confused the dates of tributes to Housman in *The Listener*. D. R. Shackleton Bailey's was on May 7, 1959; that on March 26, 1959, was by William Plomer.

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Good breeding

G. D. SQUIBB:

Founders' Kin
Privilege and Pedigree

245pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £5.

Hoary anachronism as the survival of the privileges of Founder's Kin seemed to Victorian educational reformers, not all of them wished the system to become wholly obsolete. There are boys at school today who will be matriculating as founder's kin scholars of Hertford College, Oxford, as late as 1983. They will benefit by a statute imposed, with the assent of Parliament, by the re-founder of the college, Thomas Charles Baring, MP, in 1880. One of the first beneficiaries was his son, whose nocturnal escapade in the quadrangle was commemorated by A. D. Godley in the verse:

Nemo sapit omnibus,
Sicut scimus, horis;
Sed fenestras frangere
Non est boni moris.
Conclamabant Socii,
Experrecti toris:
"Salva nos a filio
Pii Fundatoris".

The system has a long and confused history. In spite of all the genealogical and legal complexities it caused, it was never a source of academic dislocation on a wide scale. The story begins with Walter of Merton, bishop of Rochester and Chancellor, and founder of the Oxford college of his name. Behind him stands no less a figure than St Paul, admonishing Timothy that "if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel". The example of Bishop Walter was followed by Wykeham, of Winchester and New College, and then by Chichele, of All Souls; and it is in connexion with these three foundations that the bulk of the literature has proliferated, down to the encyclopedic *Stemmata Chicheleiana*, compiled by Benjamin Buckler for the assistance of eighteenth-century aspirants to All Souls fellowships.

The motives of the early founders were not usually to establish wealthy collateral dynasties. They knew that by bestowing their property in endowing schools and colleges they disappointed the natural expectations of their probable heirs, and did something to compensate these, besides hoping to draw them through education into ecclesiastical s[...] were nearly all celibate [...] men, and the class of [...] fied as founder's kin did [...] at all rapidly. In the seve[...] tury, colleges often foun[...] impossible to find cand[...] fied within the terms of [...] which might be "so resc[...] be almost self-defeating" [...] right by persons purp[...] founder's kin became [...] the eighteenth century, b[...] tinually resisted by th[...] which did not wish to be [...] strangers.

The question was r[...] the rules of canon or c[...] not prevent the recogn[...] ship beyond the tenth [...] degree, and whether the [...] founder's kin was not [...] sons of some academic [...] who should be preferr[...] candidates only [...] Numerous cases had to [...] the courts of the colleg[...] where the arguments [...] obscure and inconc[...] prelates, especially th[...] bury, who had jurisdic[...] Souls, several times v[...] ciples of law by which [...] be guided. Sometimes [...] issues of fact were la[...] of genealogical e[...] Heralds, as experts in [...] were called in to arbitra[...] by Archbishop Wake in [...] ing literal complian[...] Founder's statutes, b[...] that All Souls, which ha[...] ted no founder's kin sinc[...] by 1777 twenty-four of [...] members (including the [...] qualified. Thereafter [...] partly supported by B[...] logical scholarship, too[...] ing itself by more and m[...] examination of the [...] duced. Precedents [...] lished of which other fo[...] Oxford and Cambridge [...] schools took advantag[...] where the embarrass[...] ance of the heredi[...] steadily reduced un[...] them it was expunged [...] tory reforms of the [...] tury.

There could be [...] worthy guide throug[...] legal and genealog[...] tions than G. D. Squib[...] a lawyer and an officer [...] is a wilderness of [...] but he has successfu[...] unwieldy mass of det[...]

Paper-backs

Biography and Memoirs

Willy Brandt: *In Exile*. (Wolff. £1.50.) *The Diary of John Evelyn*. Edited by William Bray. (Everyman. £1.50.) Brian Fothergill: *Sir William Hamilton*. (Faber. £1.50.) Eugène Ionesco: *Present Past, Past Present*. (Calder and Boyars. £1.25.)

Fiction

Colette: *Chéri* and *The Last of Chéri*. (Penguin. 35p.) R. K. Fleming: *The Day They Kidnapped Queen Victoria*. (Penguin. 30p.) *Great British Tales of Terror*. Edited by Peter Haining. (Penguin. 50p.) Wilson Harris: *The Whole Armour* and *The Secret Ladder*. (Faber, £1.20.) Charles Reade: *The Cloister and the Hearth*. (Everyman. £1.40.) Mary Renault: *The Bull from the Sea*. (Penguin. 35p.) Françoise Sagan: *Sunlight on Cold Water*. (Penguin. 25p.) Oscar Wilde: *Lord Arthur Savile's Crime and other stories*. (Penguin. 30p.) S. J. Wilson: *To Find a Man*. (Penguin. 30p.) Wu Ch'êng-ên: *Monkey*. Translated by Arthur Waley. (Penguin. 50p.)

History

Leslie Alcock: *Arthur's Britain*. (Penguin. 80p.)

Linguistics

Noel Minnis (Editor): *Linguistics at Large*. (Paladin. 75p.)

Literature and Criticism

Sterling A. Brown, Arthur P. Davis and Ulysses Lee (Editors): *The Negro Caravan*. (Wildwood House. £2.25.) Dougl[...] *lish Literature in the E[...] teenth Century, 1600*[...] University Press. £1[...] Empson: *Seven Types o[...]* (Penguin. 45p.) Ronal[...] and Scott Bennett (Edito[...] *Error*. (University. [...] Grant: *A Preface* [...] (Longman. £1.15.) C. S. L[...] *lish Literature in the S[...] tury*. (Oxford Univ[...] £1.50.) J. I. M. St[...] *Modern Writers*. (Oxfor[...] Press. £1.20.) Henry D[...] *Walden*. (Everyman. 50[...])

Philosophy

George Berkeley: *A [...] of Vision and other* [...] man. 75p.) *Marx's* [...] ted by David McLe[...] 50p.)

Politics and World Af[...]

Richard Hall: *Th[...] Principles*. (Pengui[...]) *tionary Priest: The C[...] ings and Messages of* [...] Edited by John Ge[...] 70p.)

Religion

Christmas Humphrey[...] *hist Way of Life*. (Alle[...] 85p.) Idries Shah: [...] (Paladin. 50p.)

Social Studies

Michael Argyle: [...] *action*. (Social Scien[...]) Ilppe-Arles: *Centuries o[...]* (Penguin. £1.25.) Mar[...] *Natural Symbols*. [...] Ivan Illich: *Celebr[...] ness*. (Penguin. 40p.) [...] *Deschooling Society*. [...] Jan Myrdal and Gun K[...] *The Revolution. Co[...]* guin. 65p.) Clara [...] *The Siege*. (Pengui[...]) Schoenfeld: *Deep D[...] rates*. (Penguin. 35p.) [...] *The Forsaken Lover*. [...]

Recent reprints and new editions

[...] Eric and Scott, Jock. [...] *Fishing*. Revised edition. [...] plus 44 plates. Seeley, Service and Co. £4.50.

[...] Harry. *Chats on Wedgwood Ware*. With an introduction [...] Walton. 260pp. Wakefield: EP Publishing. £3.50.

[...] *The Search for the* [...] *Frescoes*. The story of the [...] rock-paintings of the [...] Translated by Alan [...] Brodrick. Second edition [...] plus 101 plates. Hutchinson. £5.

[...] John. *The Elements of* [...] 228pp. With a new introduction by Lawrence Campbell. [...] York: Dover Publications. [...] by Constable. Paperback £1.25.

[...] and Memoirs

[...] *Henry VIII*. 316pp. [...] impression. Newton Abbot: [...] and Charles. £3.50.

[...] Benjamin. *Francis* [...] Philosopher of Industrial [...] 198pp. Macmillan. £4.95.

[...] *A Soldier's Life, 1806-* [...] 218pp. Wakefield: EP [...] £2.50.

[...] *Francis Parkman*. [...] Historian. 466pp. Hamden, Connecticut: Archon Books.

[...]phy

[...] G. C. *Statistical mapping* [...] presentation of statistics. [...] edition. 194pp including 59 [...] Edward Arnold. £4 [...] (£1.95).

[...] *The Royal Cookery* [...] Translated by Alphonse [...] With a new introduction [...] Cradock. 599pp. Wakefield: EP Publishing. £4.25.

Fiction

Boldrewood, Rolf. *Robbery under Arms*. 447pp. Hale. £2.50.

Bragg, Melvyn. *The Second Inheritance*. 298pp. *Without a City Wall*. 372pp. Secker and Warburg. £2.40 each.

Carr, John Dickson. *The Emperor's Snuff-Box*. 216pp. Hamish Hamilton. £1.75.

Carr, John Dickson. *The Four False Weapons*. 292pp. Tom Stacey. £1.95.

Fairlie, Gerard, following Sapper. *Bulldog Drummond on Dartmoor*. 254pp. Tom Stacey. £1.95.

Feuchtwanger, Lion. *The Ugly Duchess*. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. 335pp. Hutchinson. £2.

Irish, William. *Phantom Lady*. 254pp. Tom Stacey. £1.95.

Koestler, Arthur. *Darkness at Noon*. With a new postscript by the author. Translated by Daphne Hardy. 276pp. (Danube Edition.) Hutchinson. £2.

While the Billy Boils. 87 Stories from the Prose Works of Henry Lawson. 393pp. Hale. £2.50.

This Was The Old Chief's Country. Volume One of Doris Lessing's Collected African Stories. 349pp. *The Sun Between Their Feet*. Volume Two of Doris Lessing's Collected African Stories. 316pp. Michael Joseph. £3.50 each.

Marquand, John P. *The Late George Apley*. 319pp. Tom Stacey. £1.95.

Onions, Oliver. *The Debit Account*. 311pp. Chatto and Windus. £1.90.

Singer, Isaac Bashevis. *The Slave*. Translated by the author and Cecil Hemley. 311pp. £2.95. *The Magician of Lublin*. Translated by Elaine Gottlieb and Joseph Singer. 246pp. £2.50. *The Spinoza of Market Street*. 214pp. £2.25. Cape.

Smith, Lady Eleanor. *Tzigane*. 318pp. Tom Stacey. £1.95.

Upfield, Arthur. *Wings above the Diamantina*. 223pp. Heinemann. £1.75.

Yeates, V. M. *Winged Victory*. 456pp. Cape. £2.95.

History

Elias, N. (Editor). *A History of the Moghuls of Central Asia*. Translated by E. Denison Ross. 535pp. Curzon Press. £5.25.

Enfield, William. *An Essay towards the History of Leverpool*. 116pp. Edition limited to 250 copies. Liverpool: Rondo Publications. £5.

Fulford, Roger. *Royal Dukes*. The Father and Uncles of Queen Victoria. New and revised edition. 318pp. Collins. £4.50.

Kogoshui. *Gleanings from Ancient Stories*. Translated by Genchi Katō and Hikoshirō Hoshino. Third edition. 120pp. Curzon Press. £2.50.

An Encyclopedia of World History. Compiled and edited by William L. Langer. Fifth Edition, revised and up-dated. 1,569pp. Harrap. £7.25.

Le Strange, G. *Baghdad during the Abbasid Caliphate*. 381pp. Curzon Press. £4.20.

Owen, Robert. *A New View of Society or Essays on the Formation of the Human Character*. With a new introduction by John Saville. 184pp. Macmillan. £4.50.

Poole, Reginald L. *The Exchequer in the Twelfth Century*. The Ford Lectures delivered in the University of Oxford in Michaelmas Term, 1911. New impression. 195pp. Cass. £3.50.

Roberts, J. M. *Europe, 1880-1945*. 575pp. Longman. Paperback, £1.50.

Talboys Wheeler, J. *A History of the English Settlements in India*. 391pp. Curzon Press. £4.

Winwood, Sir Ralph. *Memorials of Affairs of State in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I*. Edited by Edmund Sawyer. 3 volumes. New York: AMS Press. $195 the set.

Law

Paton, George Whitecross. *A Textbook of Jurisprudence*. Fourth edition. Edited by G. W. Paton and David P. Derham. 659pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £5.

Literature and Criticism

Belloc, H. and B. T. B. *The Modern Traveller*. 80pp. Duckworth. £1.95.

Jordan, Frank (Editor). *The English Romantic Poets*. A Review of Research and Criticism. Third revised edition. 468pp. New York: Modern Language Association of America. $9.

McCormick, John O. (Editor). *A Syllabus of Comparative Literature*. Second edition. 220pp. Metuchen, N.J.: Scarecrow Press. $6.

Music

Curtis, Alan. *Sweelinck's Keyboard Music*. A Study of English Elements in Seventeenth-Century Dutch Composition. Second edition. 243pp. Leiden University Press. London: Oxford University Press, for the Sir Thomas Browne Institute. £7.75.

Natural History

Hudson, W. H. *Hampshire Days*. 315pp plus 16 plates. Reading: Barry Shurlock. £2.75.

Naval History

McMurtrie, Francis E. (Editor). *Jane's Fighting Ships, 1931*. A Reprint of the 1931 Edition of Fighting Ships Founded by Fred T. Jane. 512pp plus xivpp plus 37pp of advertisements. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £9.45.

Navigation

Danton, G. L. *The Theory and Practice of Seamanship*. Fourth edition, revised and metricated. 522pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £5.

Philosophy

Edwards, Paul and Pap, Arthur (Editors). *A Modern Introduction to Philosophy*. Readings from Classical and Contemporary Sources. Third edition. 868pp. Collier-Macmillan. £3.25.

The Selected Works of Pierre Gassendi. Edited and translated by Craig B. Brush. 442pp. New York: Johnson Reprint Corporation. $25.

Psychical Research

Haynes, Renee. *The Hidden Springs*. An Enquiry into Extra-sensory Perception. 264pp. Radius Book/Hutchinson. £2.75.

Psychology

Harris, Thomas A. *I'm OK—You're OK*. 278pp. Cape. £2.25.

Murphy, Gardner and Kovach, Joseph K. *Historical Introduction to Modern Psychology*. Sixth edition. 526pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £4.50.

Social Studies

Westermarck, Edward. *Marriage Ceremonies in Morocco*. 422pp. Curzon Press. £4.

Sports and Pastimes

Randlett, Samuel. *The Best of Origami*. New Models by Contemporary Folders. 185pp. Faber and Faber. £2.

Theatre

Cheney, Sheldon. *The Theatre*. Three Thousand Years of Drama, Acting and Stagecraft. Fourth revised edition. 710pp. Vision. £7.80.

Travel and Topography

Moulder, Michael. *Shropshire*. A Shell Guide. 159pp. Faber and Faber. £2.95.

Simon, Kate. *New York*. Places and Pleasures. Fourth edition. 417pp. Davis-Poynter. £3.

World Affairs

Galbraith, John Kenneth. *The Great Crash 1929*. Third edition. 212pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.20.

Books received

Agriculture

Johnson, D. Gale. *World Agriculture in Disarray*. 304pp. Macmillan with the Trade Policy Research Centre. £3.50. Fontana. Paperback, £1.25.

D. Gale Johnson writes from the point of view of an American liberal economist who finds the agricultural support policies of the developed countries, including his own, harmful to world trade, expensive to consumers and detrimental to the developing world. He argues that they have also finally failed in their main objectives of raising farm incomes, as opposed to landed wealth, to a satisfactory level. To demolish the existing artificial structures would be impossible except over a long period and by general agreement; the programme suggested to this end is hardly as convincing as the diagnosis of present ills.

Perry, P. J. (Editor). *British Agriculture 1875-1914*. 180pp. Methuen. £2.80 (paperback, £1.40).

In a series entitled "Debates in Economic History", eight essays are reprinted from various sources covering the period of agricultural depression which hit Britain in the 1870s and that of partial recovery in the early years of the present century. It follows a volume devoted to the relations between agriculture and economic growth in a preceding period. In a sense, the same theme is continued, since the depression covered a period when farming was still releasing manpower on a large scale and, in so doing, profoundly modifying both its outlook and its objectives.

Architecture

Insall, Donald W. *The Care of Old Buildings Today*. 197pp. Architectural Press. £3.75.

Donald Insall is a practising architect, well known as a tactful though persistent advocate of conservation areas long before the phrase became a vote-catcher. He first outlines the legal background to conservation and the preservation of listed buildings, giving sources from which owners, architects and amenity societies can get technical advice and financial help. Part two deals with the nuts and bolts of preservation: bulging walls, crumbling stone, lichen, fungus and dry-rot; the problem of old churches which more people than ever want to visit, though seldom for divine service. He describes some case histories—Blackmore Church, Berrington Hall, Boston Manor—in more detail. His fully illustrated book will be helpful to all concerned with the practical side of preservation.

Art

Bernen, Satia and Robert. *Myth and Religion in European Painting, 1270-1700*. 280pp. Constable. £2.

A handy vademecum for the gallery visitor and others studying Old Master paintings, presenting in dictionary form the stories of 850 subjects once in common use by artists and drawn from classical mythology, ancient history, the lives of saints, the Bible, and various legendary sources. The authors have made a special point in their quotations and summaries from the Bible and from the works of ancient, medieval and Renaissance writers of telling the stories as the painters would have known them. In this respect many colourful anecdotes, in particular those of medieval times rejected by modern theology and scholarship, regain value as the painter's source material. The authors' research has extended to a number of now little-known works in a variety of languages, many of them never translated into English.

Biography and Memoirs

Feehan, John M. *Tomorrow to be Brave*. 123pp. Cork: The Mercier Press. £2.

Literary canons are not the most valid standards of judgment for a book which sets out to be a personal memorial. John Feehan, founder of The Mercier Press of Dublin and Cork, was married for twenty-six years to a woman who, clearly, had beauty of character as well as of person. For the last four years of their life together, Mary Feehan knew that she was condemned to die of cancer; only the time was in question. It was during that period that Mr Feehan achieved a depth of knowledge and understanding of his wife not even approached during the preceding years of a normally happy union which had seen the birth of four children. There is an obvious therapeutic purpose in the writing of this short book, but in healing himself he has succeeded in recreating a woman who blended courage and humour with an unmistakable if unorthodox kind of holiness.

Wylie, Norman S. *Russell and the Bed-Bugs*. The Memoirs of a Professional Man. 206pp. Liverpool: Gallery Press. £1.50.

A disarmingly modest preface introduces a series of recollected episodes which reveal a sense of humour and the capacity to build up a small incident into an entertaining story. The small, embarrassing mystery of the title-story has an unsuspected dénouement. The character-sketch of the shy bibliophile who was the writer's father shows a flair for portraiture. A lightweight but very readable collection of short anecdotes, all with an air of authenticity. Lord Cohen adds an appreciative foreword.

Classics

Sommerstein, Alan H. *The Sound Pattern of Ancient Greek*. 215pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £4.50.

This book, a revised and expanded version of part of a doctoral dissertation, offers a phonological analysis of "classical Attic" Greek on the lines of modern generative morphology. Based on the work of Chomsky and Halle (1968), it investigates fully Greek segmental

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phonology, with special chapters on the Theory of Markedness ad Morpheme Structure Rules, and the Greek accentual system: finally there is a thirteen-page summary of the "Rules" of the part of Greek morphology here investigated. This is primarily a work of interest and importance to specialists: but even those who grapple with the singularities of Greek nouns, verbs and accents at a much lower level might find help on individual points by consulting the index.

Education

PARRY, CHRISTOPHER. *English through drama*. 229pp. Cambridge University Press. £4.20 (paperback, £1.80).

Christopher Parry describes how he used drama as the centre of a two-year English course for eleven to thirteen-year-old boys at the Perse School, Cambridge. Building on the tradition pioneered by his own teacher of English when he was at the school, he used the Mummery (as the studio-theatre was called) for activities in which everyone participated, on the acting or production side, divided into groups. This creativity took up four of their seven English periods each week and generated a spark to the remaining time in which they did conventional classroom reading and writing. It is a tribute to Christopher Parry to say that this day-book of his teaching methods and of the way the boys responded can be enjoyed for similar reasons as Sybil Marshall's now famous *Experiment in Education*. Both books show how a complete approach to teaching can be liberating and enriching while maintaining traditional standards. Many teachers may not be as fortunate as Mr Parry in his direct grant grammar school either with physical facilities or with the overall freedom to shape a curriculum, but his approach could be fruitfully adapted.

History

HARNETTY, PETER. *Imperialism and Free Trade; Lancashire and India in the Mid-Nineteenth Century*. 137pp. University of British Columbia Press. Manchester University Press. £3.

The author is Professor of History and Asian Studies in the University of British Columbia. Here he considers how mid-Victorian Lancashire view the connexion with India. It is wrong, he argues, to suppose that the Manchester School considered this a burden. The cotton industry wanted to see India developed as a supplier of raw cotton and a market for British manufactures. It was "economic imperialism"; and Peter Harnetty develops his theme to demonstrate that among these cotton manufacturers the mercantilist spirit still persisted.

Literature and Criticism

JONSON, BEN. *Catiline*. Edited by W. F. Bolton and Jane F. Gardner. 203pp.

DRYDEN, JOHN. *All For Love*. Edited by David M. Vieth. 146pp.

ETHEREGE, GEORGE. *She Would if She Could*. Edited by Charlene M. Taylor. 132pp.

Edward Arnold. £1.80 each (paperback, 90p).

These are three additions to the two series of early plays being published concurrently by Edward Arnold. With Jonson's *Catiline*, the Renaissance series now numbers thirty-nine volumes, while the two Restoration plays bring the total of the second series to twenty-eight. Each play is as usual provided with a critical introduction, and it is a sign of the times that three out of the four editors write from American universities. Jonson students will note that an appendix to the *Catiline* contains some critical discussion of Dr de Luna's theory that the play is actually about the Gunpowder Plot, a theory which the present editors reject.

Sports and Pastimes

FISCHER, BOBBY, MARGULIES, STUART and MOSENFELDER, DONN. *Bobby Fischer Teaches Chess*. 179pp. Gower Press. £2.25.

This book endeavours to teach chess by showing the beginner in the first instance, and the more experienced later on, the various ways of delivering checkmate. To quote from a foreword by the world champion, "Since checkmating is the object of the game, I think it is the most basic thing to learn." This remark is typical of Bobby Fischer, both for its directness of approach to the game and for its sublime ignoring of normal grammar. The other authors seem to have been experts in educational systems. They also seem experts at consuming space [illegible] matter contained in this [illegible] have been compressed [illegible] fifty pages.

Topography

BURTON, S. H. *Devon Villages*. Hale. £2.20.

A map is provided, and [illegible] photographs of village[s] [illegible] couraging the explorer [illegible] into inland Devon with a[n] [experi]enced guide, the author of [a] dozen books about the country. In his more [illegible] ters the writer consid[ers] Devon in its economic [illegible] aspects, then sketches [illegible] many individual villages.

LOFTHOUSE, JESSICA. *The* [illegible] *Traveller*. *Through* [illegible] 19?pp. Hale. £2.20.

A second edition of a book [pub]lished in 1954, in which [the author] follows some of the old [illegible] Lakes taken by "curious [illegible]" of earlier days, seeing the[m] through their eyes as well [as] her own.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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Commencing salary will be based on age and experience, but will be not less than £1,500 per annum plus valuable fringe benefits.

Please ring Miss D. Pettit, 01-839 2911, International Planned Parenthood Federation, 18-20 Lower Regent Street, London SW1Y 4PW.

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Salary A.P. 3, £1,908 to £2,205

APPLICATIONS are invited for the above appointment from suitably qualified persons, to be responsible for organising the technical reference library, so as to provide an efficient service to suit the needs of the architectural and quantity surveying groups in the Department.

Other duties will include giving advice on the types of publications and information material to be kept.

Previous experience in an architect's office is not essential.

Application forms obtainable from the Borough Architect, 322 Regents Park Road, N3 2LP, returnable by 13th April, 1973.

R. H. Williams, Chief Executive and Town Clerk.

BEDFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

BEDFORD COLLEGE OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified persons for the POST of TUTOR LIBRARIAN. It is desirable that applicants should be chartered librarians and hold graduate qualifications.

The successful applicant will be required to take up his/her appointment on 1st September, 1973, and the salary will be in accordance with the Pelham Scale for Lecturers in Colleges of Education.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Bedford College of Physical Education, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford MK40 2BZ, to whom completed forms should be returned as soon as possible.

UNIVERSITY OF BRADFORD

SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT

Required to work in the Cataloguing Section of the Library. Candidates should [illegible]

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COUNTY LIBRARY

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Applications with names of two referees to Mr. J.R. Craig, Assistant Secretary, Chartered Insurance Institute, 20 Aldermanbury, London EC2V 7HY.

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APPLICATIONS are invited from enthusiastic young LIBRARIANS for the post of SENIOR ASSISTANT to work initially in the Central Children's Library.

Salary within AP1/2. Housing accommodation and assistance with removal expenses available in suitable circumstances. Minimum qualification: LA Part I examination (or equivalent), or completion of a post graduate course in Librarianship. Further details on request.

Applications, giving the names and the addresses of two referees, should reach the City Librarian, Public Library, St. Johns St., Chester CH1 1DH, by Wednesday 11th April, 1973.

FULBOURN HOSPITAL

Cambridge CB1 5EF

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Owing to promotion of the present holder a vacancy has arisen for an Assistant Librarian in connection with the development of library services to patients and staff in this psychiatric hospital.

Salary Scale, age 18 years, £474 per annum. Age 21 years and over £843 per annum rising by annual increments to £1,311 per annum.

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Further particulars may be obtained from the Hospital Librarian.

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UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM

LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for a POST of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT in the Reader Services Section of the University Library. Duties will include assistance to Readers and responsibility for the organisation of the Inter Library Loan Service.

Applicants should normally be Chartered Librarians but consideration will also be given to graduates who have passed the Professional Examination in Librarianship. The salary according to experience and qualifications on the Scale £1,347 to £1,704 (bar) to £2,124.

Further particulars from the University Librarian, University Library, Palace Green, Durham, to whom applications, including the names of three referees, should be sent to arrive by April 30th, 1973.

HON. SOCIETY OF MIDDLE TEMPLE

CATALOGUER, AP3, £1,803 to £2,100.

APPLICATIONS are invited for this POST which was previously advertised on a temporary basis. The previous post holder has now resigned owing to ill health.

Candidates should be Chartered Librarians and have had practical experience in a Cataloguing department. Knowledge of legal materials would be an asset.

The person appointed will be part of a senior management team reporting directly to the Librarian. [illegible]

COUNTY OF HUNTINGDON AND PETERBOROUGH

PETERBOROUGH TECHNICAL COLLEGE

[illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF HOUNSLOW

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN

CHARTERED LIBRARIAN with relevant experience required for Chiswick District Library. Salary scale AP.4, £2,205 to £2,493 commencing point according to qualifications and experience.

Further details and application forms from the Chief Librarian, Hounslow House, 724/734 London Road, Hounslow, Middlesex. Closing date: 12th April, 1973. Tel.: 01-570 7728, Ext. 281.

HOLLAND COUNTY COUNCIL

BOSTON COLLEGE OF FURTHER EDUCATION

Ref. 13/73 ASSISTANT TUTOR-LIBRARIAN ON ASSISTANT LECTURER SCALE

APPLICANTS are invited for this POST from September 1st, 1973. Qualification in Librarianship essential; some teaching experience desirable. To take part in College Main and Annexes Library Services, and to teach Library Usage or Project Guidance mainly to full-time students. Balance between teaching and library functions variable by agreement with College Librarian.

Salary Scale—Burnham (F.E.) Report.

Forms from Principal, Boston College of Further Education, Rowley Road, Boston, Lincolnshire, on receipt of stamped addressed envelope marked with job reference. Completed applications to be returned not later than 9th April, 1973.

INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

AVERY HILL COLLEGE OF EDUCATION

Bexley Road, Eltham, London SE9 2PQ

LIBRARY ASSISTANT required as soon as possible for general duties in the College Library.

Salary within the range £1,164 to £1,806 according to age and qualifications.

Further details and application forms from the Senior Administrative Officer at the College to whom completed forms should be returned by 13th April 1973.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION

A SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT/CATALOGUER is required for the Comparative Education Department of the Institute Library. Duties will include (a) cataloguing and classification of current accessions, and (b) reference and information work. Desirable qualifications include professional librarianship qualifications and knowledge of modern foreign languages.

Applications with full details of experience and education to the Secretary, University of London Institute of Education, Malet Street, London WC1E 7HS, quoting Reference: SLA/C. Salary on the scale £1,443 to £1,905.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS invited for this POST in the John Rylands University Library. Salary range per annum: £1,764 to £3,138, F.S.S.U. Good honours degree essential; research experience and/or library qualifications additional recommendations.

Particulars and application forms (returnable by April 20) from the Registrar, The University, Manchester M13 9PL. Quote Reference: 31/73/TLS.

MEDICAL RESEARCH COUNCIL

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. The library serves not only the Institute but also all M.R.C. Units. [illegible]

LONDON BOROUGH OF TOWER HAMLETS

LIBRARIES DEPARTMENT

SENIOR ASSISTANT IN CHARGE

[illegible]

MERIONETH EDUCATION COMMITTEE

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitably qualified librarians who are Welsh-speaking for the POST of SCHOOLS/CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN at the County Library. Salary according to qualifications and experience on the Librarians' Scale: £1,251-£1,803 (Bar) to £2,100. Removal expenses and/or subsistence allowances payable in certain cases. Further particulars and application forms from the County Librarian, From Serth, Dolgellau, Merioneth. Closing date: 9th April, 1973. Canvassing, either directly or indirectly, will disqualify.

W. E. JONES, Director of Education

SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

SCHOOL OF EDUCATION LIBRARY

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of SENIOR LIBRARY ASSISTANT. Candidates should be professionally qualified but graduates with previous experience or those who have completed their professional qualifications will be considered. Experience or an interest in the use of non-book and audio-visual material would be an advantage. Salary scale £1,251 to £2,100. Starting point according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Deputy Secretary's section (ext. 731), The University, Southampton SO9 5NH to whom applications should be sent by 27th April, 1973, quoting reference:— TLS.

WEST SUFFOLK EDUCATION COMMITTEE

THURSTON UPPER SCHOOL

(Mixed comprehensive, 13 to 18, 1,200 pupils)

CHARTERED LIBRARIAN required shortly for this new comprehensive upper school opening in September, 1973. Salary within the scale £1,689 to £2,100 per annum for a suitably qualified candidate.

Further details and application forms obtainable (stamped addressed envelope please) from the Headmaster, care of Education Offices, St. Mary's Square, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk, to whom they should be returned as soon as possible.

WEST SUFFOLK EDUCATION COMMITTEE

SUDBURY UPPER SCHOOL

(Mixed comprehensive, 13 to 18, 1,200 pupils, 230 in the Sixth)

Required in May, 1973, CHARTERED LIBRARIAN to work full time in this comprehensive upper school which opened in new buildings last Autumn. The library has been in the hands of a professional librarian since the opening of the school.

Salary on the scale £1,689 to £2,100 per annum for a suitably qualified candidate.

Further details and application forms (stamped addressed foolscap envelope please), from the Headmaster, Sudbury Upper School, Tudor Road, Sudbury, Suffolk, to whom completed forms should be returned as soon as possible.

WORCESTERSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

MOBILE LIBRARIAN

A suitably qualified and experienced LIBRARIAN is required to take charge of a mobile library based on Pershore. A driver/assistant is employed on the vehicle. The post is graded Librarians' Special Scale to the bar. Subsistence allowance at rates for "outside officers".

Further particulars and application forms from County Librarian, Love's Grove, Worcester, WR1 3BY. Closing date: 11th April.

ASLIB require qualified Librarian to help set up Library and Research Filing System in their fast expanding Research and Reference Department. Duties include servicing these systems and participation in general research work. Salary £2,200 plus LVs. Applies to Director of Research, [illegible] London, NW1 7DT, by [illegible] April.

PUBLIC & UNIVERSITY

THE UNIVERSITY OF HULL

THE BRYNMOR JONES LIBRARY

ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

APPLICATIONS are invited for a post of ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN in the Brynmor Jones Library. [illegible]

E. C. HARRIS AND PARTNERS

Chartered Quantity Surveyors

Require

LIBRARIAN

for technical library in professional office, London, W.C.1. A.L.A. qualifications not essential but previous experience in a similar office or library is desirable.

7-hour day, 5-day week, L.V.s, 4 weeks' holiday. Salary by negotiation according to age and experience, but minimum £1,400 p.a.

Telephone Mr. Stiles, 01-387 8431, for appointment.

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM

LIBRARY

Readvertisement

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of KEEPER of ORIENTAL BOOKS in the Oriental Section of the University Library. This vacancy is created by the retirement in September, 1973, of the present Keeper, Mr. J. J. C. Foster. This post is a challenging one and requires a Librarian with enthusiasm and initiative.

Applicants should have a good Honours Degree, considerable experience in the administration of an academic library and the desire to provide an efficient and first class library service. Professional qualifications in librarianship and a research degree would be a considerable advantage. Familiarity with one of the major subject areas covered by the library would be an additional advantage but is not essential. Full details of the library and of the duties are available from the University Librarian.

Salary according to relevant experience and qualifications on either the Senior Lecturer's Scale £4,143 to £5,247 or the Lecturer's Scale £1,764 to £4,299.

Applicants should give full particulars of their age, education, knowledge of languages and present and previous posts held and include the names of three persons to whom reference can be made. Applications (one copy only) should be sent to the Librarian, University Library, Palace Green, Durham, to arrive on or before 1st May, 1973.

UNIVERSITY OF BRISTOL

APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of LECTURER within the Department of ENGLISH, tenable from the 1st August, 1973. Initial salary within the range £1,764 to £1,974 per annum. The Department is seeking a lecturer in English literature, whose interests lie within the period from the Renaissance to the present day.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, University Senate House, Bristol BS8 1TH, to whom applications should be sent by April 16th, 1973 (please quote reference EH).

UNIVERSITY OF BOTSWANA LESOTHO AND SWAZILAND

APPLICATIONS are invited from qualified professional librarians for the POST of UNIVERSITY LIBRARIAN. Appointee will be responsible to the Vice-Chancellor for the control of all the library services of the University. [illegible]

Applicants resident in U.K. should also send one copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars may be obtained from either address.

Brixton College for Further Education

56 Brixton Hill, SW2

Chartered Librarian

A vacancy currently exists for a LIBRARIAN GRADE [illegible] the above college [illegible]

The library contains approximately 12,500 books [illegible]

Salary: scale [illegible]

Application forms and further details obtainable from the Education Officer [illegible] Room [illegible] SE1 7PB [illegible] Closing date [illegible] April 13, 1973.

WEST LOTHIAN COUNTY COUNCIL

LIBRARIANS

Applications are invited for the following posts:

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, BATHGATE

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN, BO[illegible]

[illegible] County Buildings, Linlithgow.

ILEA INNER LONDON EDUCATION AUTHORITY

Chartered Librarians

[illegible]

UNIVERSITY OF STIRLING

CHAIR IN ENGLISH [illegible]

[illegible]

departmental librarian

(Professional Officer B—£2316-£3429)

Applications are invited for the post of Librarian in the departmental library which serves a staff of over 3,500 located within the Greater London area.

The Librarian will be primarily responsible for developing the services to specialist divisions and to users located away from County Hall. Duties will include ensuring maximum exploitation of the library's holdings and, in conjunction with the Data Bank Officer, the abstracts service and its co-ordinate index. Knowledge of computer based Storage/Retrieval systems and SDI techniques is essential, and knowledge of CI/SfB and experience in an architectural library would be advantageous. Candidates should be Chartered Librarians or equivalent. Starting salary will be according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms returnable by April 20 from The Architect (E/863/4), County Hall, SE1 7PD.

DEPARTMENT OF ARCHITECTURE AND CIVIC DESIGN

GLC GREATER LONDON COUNCIL

INFORMATION OFFICER

We are looking for a woman graduate with an interest in public affairs to serve as Information officer in our Commercial Library. Preference will be given to candidates experienced in using economic information.

Please address applications to: Mr. D. Jaques, Economics Department, Courtaulds Limited, 18 Hanover Square, London W1A 2BB, marking the envelope 'Personal'.

COURTAULDS

WIMPEY LABORATORIES

LIBRARY AND INFORMATION SERVICE

Young person (female) over 17 years, of good education with Library experience, required as assistant in library of a large international building and civil engineering contractor. Would suit someone looking for a position offering work of variety and interest.

Apply in writing to: Personnel Officer, Wimpey Laboratories Ltd., Beaconsfield Road, Hayes, Middx.

MANAGER required

To take charge of Out-of-Print Bookshop in Hampstead. Please write giving full details of age, experience and salary required to Box Number 2002 TLS, The Times EC4P 4DE.

CHESTERFIELD Colleges of Art and Technology

Chartered Librarian required for the post of DEPUTY TUTOR LIBRARIAN. Teaching experience and a knowledge of the literature of art and design subjects would be considered advantages. Salary, Assistant Lecturer Grade I (£1,500 to £2,525 or £2,687).

Application forms, please quote Ref. 353(b) and further particulars from the Chief Administrative Officer, College of Technology, Infirmary Road, Chesterfield, to whom the completed forms should be returned by 30th April 1973.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY

SENIOR ASSISTANT (Reference)

Bletchley Central Library

Salary: A.P.3 £1,908-£2,100 p.a.

N.J.C. Conditions of Service. Successful applicant subject to medical examination.

Removal expenses of up to £115 and lodging allowance of £5 per week pending removal. Mortgage advances and guarantees also available in certain circumstances.

Applications (no forms), together with the names and addresses of two referees, to the County Librarian, County Offices, Aylesbury, Bucks., to be received by the 12th April, 1973, from whom further details may be obtained.

Rijksuniversiteit Utrecht

State University of Utrecht

The Art History Institute of the University of Utrecht invites applications from candidates for appointment as

Reader in Art History

and in particular the art history of the Middle Ages

Responsibilities include participation in teaching and research work, and a certain amount of committee work in connection with the running of the Institute.

The Institute houses a copy of the Princeton Index of Christian Art, and the Middle Ages are well represented in its large library.

Candidates wishing to apply for this function, or persons wishing to submit the names of possible candidates, should address themselves before the 15th April 1973 to:

Prof. Dr A. Verhoeff,
Dean of the Faculty of Arts,
Plompetorengracht 21,
Utrecht, Holland.
(Tel. 030-312256).

Applications should contain a curriculum vitae and a list of publications.

TWO FILM LIBRARY ASSISTANTS

BBC Television Film Library, Windmill Road, Brentford, requires TWO FILM LIBRARY ASSISTANTS. Duties include research and supply of film material for programmes; cataloguing and classification of BBC produced film; continuous evaluation of Film Library holdings.

ESSENTIAL.—Experience in specialized academic or well developed reference libraries using up-to-date professional methods; a high level of general education; knowledge of current affairs and an awareness of scientific, technological and sociological developments. Professional library qualifications and a knowledge of film handling techniques and terminology desirable.

Salary: £1,677 p.a. (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) x £102 to £2,187 p.a. plus 6 per cent shift allowance after three months.

Write or telephone now for application form (enclosing addressed foolscap envelope and quoting reference 73.G.605) to Appointments Department, BBC, London W1A 1AA. Tel. 01-580 4468 Ext. 4619.

BBC

LIVERPOOL CITY LIBRARIES

MUSIC LIBRARIAN

£2,388-£2,661

Applicants must have experience of a Music Library and have an appropriate degree or be Chartered Librarians.

Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

General local government conditions apply, together with assistance with removal, etc., expenses in appropriate cases.

Application forms, returnable by the 13th April, 1973 are obtainable from the City Librarian, Central Libraries, William Brown Street, Liverpool L3 8EW.

STANLEY HOLMES
Chief Executive and Town Clerk

KEDRON PARK TEACHERS COLLEGE

Brisbane Queensland

Vacancy:

COLLEGE LIBRARIAN

Salary:

$A6,801 x 7—$A9,390 dependent on qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further information available from the Agent General for Queensland, 392 and 393 Strand, London WC2R 0LZ. Applications close with the Registrar of the College, P.O. Box 117, Kedron, Queensland, Australia 4031, on 28 April 1973.

LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

required for 2nd April for the INTER-LIBRARY LOANS CENTRE

Experience in this work and ability to type an advantage. Temporary appointment with a possibility of permanency.

SALARY: [illegible]

DETAILS AVAILABLE FROM STAFF OFFICER, DEPT. TLS, LIVERPOOL POLYTECHNIC, RICHMOND HOUSE, 1 RUMFORD PLACE, LIVERPOOL L3 9RH.

Assistant Librarian

Local History Collection

Librarian Scale £1,251-£2,100

(Minimum £1,851 for a Chartered Librarian)

This is a new post as second in charge of the Local History Department, which is to be re-housed in the new Central Library opening in May of this year.

The City Libraries possess large collections of books, pamphlets, photographs, prints and maps, etc., on Local History, and have responsibility for the City Archives.

The reorganised Local History Department will have a staff of four.

Suitably qualified persons are invited to apply in writing to the City Librarian, Central Library, St. Aldate's, Oxford, OX1 1DJ, from whom further details can be obtained. Closing date: 13th April 1973.

City of Oxford

Assistant Borough Librarian

S.O.2

Applicants should be Chartered Librarians with administrative experience at senior level. This is one of two posts of equal status, next in seniority to the Borough Librarian.

Casual User Car Allowance.

Assistance with housing. 100 per cent removal expenses.

The approval of the Staff Commission has been obtained to this advertisement, which is restricted to local government officers serving in England (excluding London) and Wales.

Further particulars and application forms, returnable by the 13th April, 1973, may be obtained from the Establishment Officer, Town Hall, Luton LU1 2BQ.

LUTON COUNTY BOROUGH

BRIGHTON PUBLIC LIBRARIES

Applications are invited from

Qualified librarians

for a post on the Professional Team at Brighton Public Libraries. Salary is on the Corporation's Trainee/AP II/IV scale. AP III is paid to those having passed the Part II examination.

Further details are available from the Chief Librarian, Central Library, Church Street, Brighton BN1 1EU, to whom applications should be sent within a fortnight of the appearance of this advertisement.

County Borough of Brighton

KINGSTON POLYTECHNIC LIBRARY

LIBRARY ASSISTANT

An experienced library assistant is required to take charge of inter-library loans at the Penrhyn Rd. library.

Applicants should be familiar with the use of telex, and an ability to type is essential. Some general counter duties and clerical work will be expected in addition.

Salary Grade C3: £1,635-£1,851.

Application forms from Assistant Registrar, Kingston Polytechnic, Penrhyn Rd., Kingston upon Thames, KT1 2EE. 01-549 1366.